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The Week

NONE of the capitals seems surprised that Holland refused to surrender the Kaiser. The refusal is based on Holland's traditional "refuge for the vanquished"—plus the fact that no international legislation existed to prevent the Kaiser's seeking asylum at the time he fled his country. Neither in the British nor French press does this argument seem to have caused resentment. In fact, from more than one source comes the guess that Holland's answer brings relief to the council of premiers. More notes there may be, and perhaps a trial in absentia. But as a target of popular passion the Kaiser is dwindling. What emotion remains seems chiefly to be a fear lest by a court trial he escape the ignominy which his flight has earned him.

THE PARIS papers print a wireless from Moscow stating in two sentences the attitude of the Soviet government in respect to the lifting of the blockade. Trade with the Entente, says this message, will not be sanctioned unless the Allies are ready to declare an armistice. In some quarters this answer is taken to mean that the Allies cannot possibly proceed, now, with the policy they announced. But it is hard to see why. To begin trade without making sure that hostilities were over would be as unwise from our point of view as from the Russians'. "If the Allied governments do not accord this armistice all vessels of the Entente which are found in Russian ports will be sunk." This is the way the Paris translation makes the end of the Moscow wireless read. Is it really so brusque that it will stop negotiations? Apparently it is from London and not from Washington that we shall have the answer. The American government, despite increased pressure from those who want the Russian markets, intimates that for the present it will watch the Allies.

DURING the course of the week we were again supplied with a spectacular piece of misinformation regarding the plans of the Allies in Russia. A few days after the announcement concerning the blockade, there came from Paris the news that two hundred thousand troops were to be sent into the Caucasus to fight the Soviet armies. To those who still want war with Russia this report brought new faith and courage. But only for a moment. After three days of silence the announcement was made, this time in London, that there was no truth in reports of such an undertaking. Some day a wise public will insist that its important news dispatches be so tagged as to show their sources. Which statesman in Paris was it who persuaded the correspondents that England was launching into another war?

A WARSAW report published in Copenhagen states that the Polish cabinet has ordered general mobilization. For what purpose? As a means of protection, this report says, against Russian aggression. Poland on the defense against Soviet armies presents an unusual spectacle. The line of resistance is not upon the generous frontiers grant-

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ed by the Peace Conference, but some two hundred kilometers to the east of them. From the first, French influence has worked to keep Poland on the offensive. When the Polish armies have been withdrawn to within striking distance of their own frontiers it will be time to believe that Poland is indeed waging defensive warfare.

EASTERN SIBERIA is in chaos. There is fighting between a half dozen different factions, and one attack at least has been made upon the Americans who are withdrawing to Vladivostok. The assailants in this instance were troops of General Semenoff, successor to Admiral Kolchak in the fictitious role of "Supreme Ruler of All Russia." Chaos invites the foreign imperialist; and it is now a more serious question than ever to know what policy the Japanese intend following. On the 21st of January an Associated Press dispatch from Tokio announced that Japan would take the lead of the United States and withdraw from Siberia. For a moment it seemed possible that the more democratic forces in Tokio had been strong enough to have their way. But three days later these reports were corrected. Premier Hara declared to the Diet that there was no reason for withdrawing troops. In fact, the Premier stated, it was "unavoidably necessary" to send reinforcements.

ONLY BY the failure of 300 deputies to cast their ballots did the new Millerand cabinet in France manage to get a vote of confidence, 272 to 23. The vote came at the end of an attack by Deputy Léon Daudet upon Jules Steeg, Minister of the Interior in the new cabinet. Daudet, editor of the royalist paper, l'Action Française, branded Steeg as an accomplice of Malvy and Caillaux. Millerand demanded a vote of confidence—and got it, by virtue of the 300 abstentions. Would the dropping of Steeg put the Millerand cabinet in a less precarious position? Possibly. But there are correspondents in Paris who seem to think that at best the cabinet is a make-shift to fill the gap between Clemenceau and Briand.

DISAGREEMENT with the government's policy toward the Communist party was one reason for the resignation of Mr. Francis Fisher Kane as United States Attorney for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. In a letter to the Attorney General Mr. Kane asserts his lack of faith in the wisdom of arresting a political party wholesale. Such a course "only increases the number of sympathizers"; and it would be wiser, Mr. Kane believes, "to arrest the really guilty persons one by one as we secured evidence against them." In that opinion probably an increasing number of people agree with Mr. Kane. Some, perhaps, will agree with the view of Dr. Ernest Hopkins, President of Dartmouth College: that "the present activity against alien radicals in this country is purely political by-play to enhance the political aspirations of the Attorney General."

IN A REPLY to Mr. Kane the Attorney General strikes a new note. Several months ago Mr. Palmer declared that "the question which we must now try out is whether the by-laws of the Miners' Union shall prevail" against the government. Now, in his letter to Mr. Kane, one of the reasons he gives for wholesale drives upon the Communists is that they are "pledged to destroy the great and loyal labor organization of America, namely, the American Federation of Labor." The leaders of the Federation, however, are showing themselves in less fear of the Communists than of Mr. Palmer himself. Mr. Gompers again points out the danger in Mr. Palmer's bill as well as in the Graham and Sterling measures, that the "force and violence" provisions will prove a joker. None of the pending measures is limited to acts of force and violence. They deal largely with the expression of such opinions as "incite" to such acts. And experience under the Espionage law shows that convictions have been made when the relation between word and act is neither immediate nor explicit.

IN AN EFFORT to understand the causes of industrial unrest, Mr. Whiting Williams, Director of Personnel of the Hydraulic Pressed Steel Company of Cleveland, left his desk and spent seven months as a laborer in the steel mills and coal mines. Did he find it was propaganda from Moscow that kept the workers uneasy? He gives four primary causes for their discontent: "The pre-eminent importance of holding a job; the terrible danger of being forced into joblessness; the unholy alliance between tiredness and temper, between fatigue of body and mind, which gives opportunity for agitators to work upon the feelings and sensibilities of the worker; and the almost complete ignorance of the average worker as to the plans, purposes, ideals and character of his employer." The analysis does not tally with stories of an artificially produced "unrest." But then Mr. Williams is neither editor of a metropolitan daily nor a Presidential candidate. He is simply a steel executive who has actually been in touch with the men who work for him.

ONE OF the members of the legislative committee now trying the Socialists at Albany is Assemblyman Cuvillier. And though Mr. Cuvillier is

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on record with the statement that he is convinced (before the trial) that the Socialists are "guilty," and with a second statement that "if guilty" they should be shot, he nevertheless continues to act as one of their judges. He is, in fact, a symbol of the theory upon which a majority of the Committee is proceeding. In refusing to hear Mr. Charles E. Hughes and the Bar Association counsel, Assemblyman Martin declared that the Committee could allow no one to appear "outside of the real parties who are the subject of this inquiry." Mr. Hughes came to Albany with the backing of a large part of the public. That the public is a real party to the inquiry is apparently more than the Committee recognizes.

HAVING BARRED the way to Mr. Hughes, the Committee has subsequently proceeded in such a fashion that even the Albany correspondent of the New York Times finds observers who think it has "established a new record for steam roller tactics." The Committee has refused to furnish the defendants with specific charges and a bill of particulars. It has sustained rulings of a strange character. There has, for instance, been much talk about the pernicious practice of the Socialist party in requiring its members to sign undated resignations before they step into public office. But when Mr. Hillquit undertook to demonstrate that never in the twelve years of his service had the Executive Secretary of the New York County Socialists received such a resignation, objection was made by the committee's counsel—and this objection the chairman sustained. On what ground? Presumably that facts must not depose theory.

ONE OF the charges made against the suspended Socialists in the statement read by the Committee Chairman (Mr. Martin) was that they proposed overthrowing the government, "forcibly, if necessary." Counsel for the Committee has not had time to develop a full case, but the start it has made toward substantiating this charge is not impressive. Much emphasis has been laid upon a speech of Assemblyman Claessens, which led up to the conclusion that "if men and women cannot cast their ballots, if they cannot get counted their own ideas, what is the sense of this whole thing?" The prosecution has also produced a pamphlet published by the Jewish Socialist Federation and translated by a Mr. Robintom of the Department of Justice. But under cross examination Mr. Robintom admits that he "decided not" to "put in" certain portions destructive to his case against the Socialists.

A MONTH ago the President's Industrial Conference recommended the establishment of permanent industrial courts for the solution of labor controversies—and a plan based upon the same principle is now proposed by Senator Kenyon. Mr. Kenyon, however, insists upon one factor which the report of the Conference ignored. He recognizes that it is impossible to have serviceable industrial courts without the prior establishment of some industrial code for them to interpret. He accordingly proposes a new effort between national groups of employers and workmen to work out an agreed system of industrial law which shall include such principles as the eight-hour day, the payment of a living wage, and the right of collective bargaining.

IN A LETTER given to the press Bishop Burch discusses some of the charges made against the Reverend Percy Stickney Grant by those who regard his advocacy of free speech as conduct unbecoming an Episcopal clergyman. In general Bishop Burch is content to warn Dr. Grant that freedom of speech frequently becomes "the foundation for license to utter seditious opinions." His one specific criticism is that the Church of the Ascension has been used as a forum "to which are not infrequently invited as speakers men who do not believe in God, who professedly are opposed to the government, clearly showing their irreverence for constituted authority."

A NUMBER of New York newspapers publish correspondence from Mexico City reporting the satisfaction of American prospectors in a recent decision made by the Mexican government. Under the new Constitution President Carranza prohibited the drilling of wells without the taking out of permits. This course the oil companies would not follow, on the ground that it might jeopardize their claims to ownership of sub-soil rights in Mexico. A deadlock resulted, and between the Mexican and American governments several notes were exchanged. President Carranza now announces that temporary drilling permits will be granted on application—it being the understanding on both sides that these permits are serviceable only until such time as the Mexican Congress shall have passed a petroleum law under Article 27 of the Constitution.

IN AN able address Senator France of Maryland comes out against the hysteria which led his colleagues to rush the Sterling bill through the Senate. "I am convinced," he declares, "that we need not more repressive but corrective legislation, and that if we restore to our people the liberties which they enjoyed prior to the war, while we move steadily on toward an improvement in social, industrial, and

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commercial conditions, that the serious unrest and discontent will speedily be dissipated. In the meanwhile I think I can assure the Senate, and, I believe, the American people can feel assured, that any direct incitation to force or violence against individuals or against the Government can without difficulty be taken care of by efficient departments of justice, both State and Federal, under the powerful criminal statutes which have been part of our State and Federal laws for many years."

ACCORDING to the testimony of Frank Farrington of the Illinois mine workers the cost of living in Illinois mining centers has increased from 110 to 178 per cent since 1914. If that estimate is correct the moral is that the problem of the miners can not be solved by raising wages alone. They will have to organize themselves for cooperative buying. Wholesale prices at the centers of supply have not gone up in any such proportion; neither have freights to the mining towns. Who is getting the excess? If the miners had been their own retailers and home builders their cost of living could hardly have risen more than 90 per cent.

The Mob in High Places

A DISINTERESTED observer can only draw one inference from the conduct by the Judiciary Committee of the New York Assembly of the "trial" of the five suspended Socialist representatives. Unless they are scared by much stronger opposition than any which has yet appeared, Speaker Sweet and Mr. Archibald Stevenson will dictate the final decision of the Committee and will expel the accused from the Assembly. The State of New York through its popular representative body will in effect stigmatize the Socialist party as an outlawed association, whose principles are so inimical to public security that society must deny to its members the fundamental right of participating in the government of the community. New York, that is, will have declared war on the Socialist party. If Speaker Sweet, Senator Lusk and Mr. Stevenson continue to control the state's policy, it will become the first democratic commonwealth in history to proscribe a political party which was seeking by orderly constitutional agitation to bring about changes in its political and economic institutions.

Manifestly the unseating of the assemblymen will not finish the incident. Messrs. Sweet, Lusk and Stevenson will have introduced into American government an innovation which if it survives will revolutionize its underlying principle. Thereafter its authority will no longer rest on the free competition of ideas and convictions in the open market and the free selection by voters of representatives who embody the dominant opinion. The American state will become the incarnation of the particular political social and economic system known as capitalism. The enemies of America, according to this point of view, are not enemies of democracy or liberty. They are, as the editor of the Metropolitan Magazine recently insisted, the people who propose to destroy capitalism. Agitation against capitalism is heretical, revolutionary and intolerable. The American republic could not survive its overthrow. The outlawing of the Socialist party is an act of protective sanitation in ideas. New York State must find out by means of some permanent agency of inquisition, such as the Lusk Committee, who the heretics are and must continue to exclude them from any participation in the government. It need not necessarily deny all civil rights to socialists, but it should deny political power to them just as it denies political power to minors, to idiots and to criminals.

If the State of New York does constitute the Lusk Committee as a permanent agency of inquisition and proscription, one party in particular will rejoice and have every reason to rejoice, viz. the Socialist party itself. They could very well return thanks to the Lord for delivering their enemies into their hands. During many dreary and discouraging years they have conducted a tireless and fruitless agitation against capitalism. There has been a tendency for their vote to increase, but in spite of their own indefatigable efforts and the many real grievances of the American wage-earner, they have been unable to persuade any but a small fraction of the American people to share their ideas. As compared with European countries, the conditions of American political discussion and business competition seemed to sterilize the vitality of socialist agitation. Speaker Sweet and his associates propose to change all this. They are converting the Socialist party in New York State from a forlorn and almost negligible faction which could not get the ear of any considerable portion of the American public into an aggressive hopeful minority, the representatives of certain cherished American traditions, whose leaders and doctrines occupy the front pages of all the newspapers. By confusing Americanism with capitalism they have given to the doctrinal enemy of capitalism a chance to identify itself with democracy. The Socialists will then claim to be the most trustworthy representatives of democracy as democracy has hitherto been understood in this and other countries. They can call themselves, as they did in Germany, the party

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of social democracy. They will insist that capitalism has perverted the souls of the educated and well-to-do people in America and that these people are willing to abandon the essentials of democracy in the supposed interest of the sacred privileges of private property.

There is a genuine danger that the dominant element in American public opinion will permit the Socialist party to appropriate to this extent the benefit of the free American democratic tradition. In making this statement we do not ignore the sincere and vigorous fight which men like Charles Hughes, Governor Smith, Ogden Mills, Henry L. Stimson, Herbert Parsons and newspapers like the World and the Evening Post are making against the revolutionary policy of Speaker Sweet and his party accomplices. But their fight has not as yet developed any assurance of success; and the opposition to the proposed revolution has not looked anywhere near as formidable and as forbidding as the nature of the offense demanded. Considering, for instance, that the legal profession in this country is supposed to be the custodian of our civil liberties and the bulwark of the American commonwealth, it was disheartening to see such a large minority both of the state and city bar associations accept with complacency Messrs. Stevenson and Guthrie rather than Messrs. Hughes and Stimson as the authentic spokesmen of American doctrine. It is scarcely less disheartening to be obliged to record how much zealous approval the policy of proscribing the Socialist party evokes among business and professional men and politicians and how lukewarm and timid many of its opponents are. The behavior of these responsible people affords a paralyzing revelation of the disloyalty to the most constructive liberal and humane aspect of the American tradition which has infected the souls of so many ardent and influential patriots. If they do not change their spots, the day may yet come when an American Social Democratic majority will have to appropriate grants of public money to those law schools and colleges which will spend it in instructing their graduates in the rudimentary principles of the democratic tradition of freedom.

Genuine as the present danger is, we do not believe that in the long run the American liberals will allow the Socialist party to tie up Socialist propaganda with freedom of assemblage, of speech and of opinion. But if they are to avert this disaster they will have to adopt a more vigorous, alert and uncompromising policy of resistance to the existing terrorizing of public opinion by the aggressive intolerance and the self-righteous pugnacity of a small number of one hundred per cent fanatics. In the opposition to the unseating of the Socialist assemblymen on the part of such men as Mr. Hughes, this revolutionary act is treated as an isolated and exceptional incident. It is tacitly assumed to be the only important case in which the inquisitors and persecutors have abused their franchise, yet as a matter of fact, the proposal to proscribe the Socialist party is the natural result of the spirit and methods of the general campaign which the state and federal governments and the dominant elements in public opinion are waging against the "Reds." Throughout this campaign the persecutors have not honestly and intelligently attempted to discriminate between the individuals who were directly and dangerously instigating the use of violence for the overthrow of the American state and the individuals who were advocating changes in American institutions so thoroughgoing that they could not be brought about without incurring some danger of violence. Yet unless the authorities and public opinion loyally keep in mind the need of this distinction, the prosecution of communists or anarchists inevitably degenerates into the wilful and frank proscription of possibly dangerous and heretical opinion. It is not only Speaker Sweet and his accomplices who are condemning as criminally heretical, opinions which may be wild and parties which may be irreconcilable. The same policy underlies the indiscriminate deportation and the wholesale arrests of the federal government, many of the prosecutions under the criminal anarchy statutes of the several states and much of the proposed federal legislation against sedition. Above all the attempt to condemn all radical agitation as disloyal underlies the inquisitions and the raids, which the Lusk Committee has perpetrated in this state. If the American Commonwealth has become the kind of republic whose safety depends upon the vigilance of such men as Archibald Stevenson and the heresey-hunting of such a committee as that of Senator Lusk, then most assuredly it is also the kind of republic which will eventually proscribe the Socialist party for agitating to impair or destroy the capitalist system.

The recent decision of Secretary Wilson that under the existing statute, membership in the Communist party ipso facto exposes an alien to deportation, raises a question fundamentally analogous to that raised by the proposed unseating of the Socialist assemblymen. There are, of course, important differences between the two cases. We shall discuss some of these differences as well as the legal aspects of this decision in a later issue. But whether technically defensible or not, the statute as now interpreted has become an attempt to proscribe opinion by law on the ground merely of a general tendency to promote revolutionary and possibly violent

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changes. It ignores the distinction between the direct and indirect provocation to violence which is essential in order to prevent the desirable and necessary regulation of incendiary speech from interfering with the freedom and vitality of public opinion. "It is of the essence of the institutions of liberty," declares the brief which the Committee of the Bar Association filed with the Judiciary Committee of the Assembly, "that it is recognized that guilt is personal and cannot be attributed to the holding of opinion or to mere intent in the absence of overt acts." This doctrine is the pure milk of the Word and derives direct from the original source of Anglo-American civil liberty. But those who believe it and understand its consequences cannot content themselves with protests against the unseating of the Socialist assemblymen. They need to oppose no less uncompromisingly the decision which the federal government has reached that membership in the Communist party is in itself an overt criminal act and they must do something effective to prevent the discussion of the "Red" or any other peril to American institutions from being robbed of its moral and intellectual vitality by fear, by intolerance, by ill-temper, by arrogance and by Jacobin fanaticism.

The proposed expulsion of the Socialist assemblymen should help intelligent American conservatives better to understand the underlying tendency and motives of much of the existing anti-red hysteria. The hundred per cent parioteers call themselves the representatives of law and order, and profess to be horrified at the advocacy of force and violence as agencies of economic and political change; but their present behavior clearly betrays their real attitude towards force and violence. It is not force and violence which horrifies their conscience. It is the prospect or threat of radical political and economic changes. They are perfectly willing to use force and violence as an agency not of social change but of social stagnation. They are perfectly willing to charge the Socialist party with advocating force and violence and at the same time to take away from it any means of accomplishing its objects except by force and violence. They would like to encourage socialism to lean on force and violence because they realize that in so far as it does they can for the present easily defeat it. They would like to discourage the free competition of opinion in the open market because they realize that the free competition of opinion is the really effective and dangerous agency of orderly political and social change. They are at bottom far more afraid of ideas than they are of force and violence. That is why they are laboring to identify Americanism with the immunities and privileges of capitalist economics and to prevent the operation and the meaning of capitalism from being exposed to radical criticism. But that is also why liberals who believe in the identification of Americanism with the gradual liberation of individual and social life rather than with any one particular piece of economic and political mechanism, must fight for freedom of speech and the toleration of radical opinion as they would for their own right to live.

Hoover and the Issues

HOOVER undertook a great work and carried it through with such signal success that in the eyes of all peoples he stands out as a man bigger than the work itself. For that every American must be grateful to him and admire him. But the Presidency should not be an honorary degree to be bestowed in token of gratitude and admiration. Least of all should it be bestowed as an honor now, when the responsibilities of the office have been heaped up until the most robust figure might stagger under them. The next President will have to assume the initiative in legislation as President Wilson has done, unless the House and Senate succeed in organizing for work far better than they have been organized during the last seven years. And there is nothing about the structure of either of the great parties that promises effective organization.

Accordingly it is of surpassing importance that the next President should be a man who is not only capable of giving an impetus to legislation, but one whose training and habit of mind presage an impetus in the right direction. Is Hoover the man to meet these requirements? Before that question can be answered it is necessary to take account of the general issues that are fairly certain to arise during the next Presidential term.

Of these issues the most important, from a domestic point of view, center in the problem of personal freedom, the labor problem, transportation, price control and the tariff. The most important, from a world point of view, center in armaments and the application of economic power either as a means of repression or as a means of promotion of friendly relations. It is fairly certain that, however narrowly the purely military power of the League may be restricted, considerable economic power will remain at its discretion. We need to consider how our next President will look upon projects of international blockade, like the late blockade of Russia, and upon projects of international subsidy, like that of building up the economic power of Poland.

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On most of these points we can get little light from Hoover's utterances. Unfortunately for our purpose, Hoover is a man who has worked incredibly hard and has talked incredibly little. Does he approve or disapprove of the arbitrary control of the mails by the Post Office, of the extreme interpretations of the Espionage law, of the wholesale deportation of aliens on the mere proof of adherence to the Communist party or the I. W. W.? We know of no utterance of Hoover's that throws light on these questions. Therefore we have to fall back on inference. Now, all the world knows that Hoover is a realist. He detests projects that do not work, or work in a direction contrary to their intention. And he is much too intelligent to fall under the delusion that the present regime of terrorism is working. Nobody could presume ignorance on Hoover's part of the fact that the alien deportations are making ten enemies of the government for every one they throw out of the country, or of the fact that repression of free speech provides the ideal soil in which conspiracies flourish. Whatever Hoover's philosophy of freedom may be, freedom would be safe under his Presidency, because it works and because its opposite does not.

What about Hoover's attitude on labor? Like everyone else who has had the difficulties of supplying the peoples impressed upon him, Hoover emphasizes the productive aspect of the labor question more than the distributive. He combats with all his energies the doctrine that wages can be raised or the general welfare increased by restriction of effort not physically beneficial to the worker. Prove to Hoover that the six-hour day makes a healthier and more efficient worker; he would accept the six-hour day. But argue that the six-hour day would decrease unemployment and so raise wages: Hoover has no time to listen to you. He knows better.

But Hoover does recognize that labor in the coming era has a right to "higher standards of living and a voice in the adminstration of its effort." That is implied in all his discussions of the European situation, but see especially his Memorandum published in the January Annals of the American Academy. As a realist he knows that this right is not to be realized without organization. He knows, too, that compulsion will not work toward the ideal of efficiency. It is then fair to infer that if Hoover becomes President labor will not have to fear a repetition of the methods of Palmer and Judge Anderson. It may not find in the President a sentimental friend, but neither will it find in him a bigoted foe. And labor is asking little from the President and the government generally except fair play and neutrality.

In the matter of transportation Hoover, we judge, would place a heavy burden of proof upon those who desire to substitute public ownership in any form for private ownership. That is fair. The burden of proof ought always to rest with the advocates of change. Otherwise ill advised or premature projects would multiply until our own country became as averse to change as China. Whether public ownership or private ownership is to prevail ultimately in the United States is a question to be decided by considerations of efficiency. Can we have efficient railways without unification? And if the railways are unified, does a significant place remain for private enterprise, or will railway management become bureaucratic, without even ultimate responsibility to the people? And must government railways necessarily be given over to bureaucratic stagnation? Hoover would unquestionably strive for efficiency of transportation. If efficiency was not attainable by one method he would probably prove open minded toward another.

On price control Hoover's ideas are well known. He does not take great stock in governmental price fixing. He would curb vicious speculation, but beyond that he would leave prices to fix themselves. He has no great patience with the cry against high prices, believing them to be symptoms of more fundamental evils, inadequate production and currency inflation. We infer that Hoover is not much interested in regulations against profiteering. And we might castigate him for this indifference if we were very certain that prices had really been kept down, either here or in any other country, by such regulations. Anyway, the point is hardly relevant, because no power of price control will reside in the federal government after we have accepted the peace, which we will surely do before the inauguration of another President.

The tariff will no doubt become an important issue before the next Presidential term expires. Just now it is quiescent, because our European rivals are producing little for export. But in two or three years the men who are now advising Europe to go to work will be trembling about the competition of European industry. There will be a tremendous effort to raise our schedules, to prevent us from forcing domestic prices down by purchases from abroad. What attitude would Hoover take toward such a movement? He is neither doctrinaire free trader nor doctrinaire productionist. But more than any other American, Hoover is alive to the benefits of a large movement of international transactions. He may confidently be expected to throw his weight against any project for narrowly

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restricting imports in order to give American producers the benefits of monopoly prices. As a realist Hoover is bound to assume a liberal attitude on the tariff question.

As for armaments, Hoover never misses an opportunity to urge their reduction in the interest of fiscal economy and international peace. One reason why he is out of sympathy with ambitious plans for aiding foreign countries through the extension of American credit is that those countries are now wasting precious funds on exaggerated armies and navies. Would he favor "the biggest navy afloat" for America and the institution of universal conscription for peace time? He would strive to get for America the navy she needs, according to a realistic view of the interests she has to defend. He would strive for a land army, also adequate to our needs, but he would count the cost before thrusting the New World along the road of militarism that has all but ruined the Old World.

We are safe in inferring that Hoover would be hesitant about joining in international plans of coercion through embargoes, blockades and the like. He was one of the first among us to utter his approval of the dropping of the Russian blockade, and he has stated that he was never in favor of that blockade, much as he hated the Bolshevik regime. As for using international power to build up states that were unable otherwise to get on their feet, Hoover would proceed with extreme caution. He believes in self help, for states as for individuals; if he agreed to help a state in need, it would only be toward helping itself, and not too generously. That may seem a not very magnificent policy. But would the American people approve anything more magnificent? Or if it were proposed, would they not balk at any help whatsoever?

We would not give the impression that we do not observe motes in Hoover's eye, which we would like to doctor while putting off the matter of the beams in our own. Hoover hates bunk; that we approve; but he seems to hate radical bunk more than conservative. He hates disorder and murder; but he seems to hate revolutionary murders and disorders more than counter revolutionary. He is more appalled by the Red Terror in Russia and Hungary than by the White Terror of Finland and Hungary. These would be disqualifications if he were competing for a prize as impartial historian. How are they relevant to the next Presidency of the United States?

What is most relevant is that Hoover is a realist, a devotee of policies that work. Anyone who cares to sum up for himself the outstanding facts of the present time will convince himself that the only policies that will work in the coming years are liberal policies. Repression will not work. Holding labor down will not work. Little Americanism will not work. On such policies Hoover would find himself compelled to stand by the liberals, even if he did not call himself one. But he does call himself a liberal. "What is that?" asks Senator Reed. Everybody else knows what it is.

The Fiume Compromise

IT IS time that the dispute between Italy and Jugoslavia should be settled. Both nations have more important work than the haggling over a few square miles of territory. Italy needs to complete her demobilization, cut her military expenditures and throw herself into the current of peaceful industrial and commercial development. Jugoslavia needs not only to demilitarize herself and to work out her economic rehabilitation; she needs above all to address her political energies to the task of national unification. For the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes is not yet by any means the compact, homogeneous state one might infer from the revised maps and the official literature. There remain between the groups included in the Kingdom wider differences, cultural, political and linguistic, than those which separated Norway from Sweden after a hundred years of political union. For the sake of Balkan peace, it is to be hoped that the Jugoslav union may be permanent. But that hope may be defeated unless the political talents of the government are diverted from foreign embroilments to domestic needs.

The Italy of Orlando and Sonnino permitted imperialistic aspirations to dominate its Adriatic policy. The Treaty of London proves the fact. There was neither rhyme nor reason in the claim to the whole of Dalmatia if Italy had intended to stop there. The possession of Dalmatia up to an indefensible boundary line logically implied further extensions of Italian influence. It implied for Italy the role of a Balkan power, just as the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina made a Balkan power out of Austria-Hungary. Likewise the first claim of the Italians to Fiume and its hinterland, with control of the transportation lines terminating there, though less imperialistic than the original claim to Dalmatia, was still too imperialistic to be endured by the Jugoslavs or countenanced by the friends of peace anywhere. But now under the moderate guidance of Signor Nitti, Italy has made important concessions that entitle her at least to a fair hearing. She insists still upon the Italian character of Fiume, but she is ready to accept the internationalization under the League of the port

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and the railways leading to it. Thereby she renounces all hope of controlling the trade in her own interest. She asks for a narrow strip along the coast connecting Fiume with Italian territory and urges the annexation to Italy of a small triangle of land lying to the east of Trieste and, in the opinion of military authorities, necessary for the security of the city. In all Dalmatia Italy asks only for the freedom of Zara, and of all the Adriatic islands, Italy asks only for Lissa, Pelagosa and Lussin. Those islands are inhabited very sparsely, though mainly by Jugoslavs. Lussin is essential to the defense of Trieste, while Lissa is of great importance for the defense of the middle Adriatic.

Doubtless there are details in the Italian proposals that could properly be modified to the general advantage. In the main they appear to be reasonable. Fiume and Zara are in fact Italian cities. The trade on which they live has been built up by Italians, their sympathies and mode of life are Italian. Nobody familiar with Adriatic conditions ever considered it anything but a necessary evil to transfer control over those cities to a people of different culture and political trend. Fiume and Zara would be badly governed by Jugoslavia. But in the original claims of Italy the Slavic population of the back country claimed with the cities so greatly exceeded that of the cities as to produce an even greater evil than that of Slavic rule of Italian cities. Now that Italy has pared down those claims until the Italians included in the territory it is sought to annex are not seriously in a minority, the argument against granting those claims loses most of its force. It would lose its force entirely if the Italians would further pare down the Slavic territories included in the coastal strip connecting Fiume with Italian soil. That strip is in fact of practically no use to Italy. The vital connection of Fiume with Italy is by sea, and Italy controls and will continue to control the sea.

As for the three islands claimed by Italy, they are in fact of importance for the naval defence of Italian interests. They would have no defensive value for Jugoslavia, but only an offensive value. Their annexation by Italy violates indeed the principle of nationality, but in no such degree as the seizure of the Strumitza district by Jugoslavia, the retention of the Dobrudja by Rumania, of the German Bohemians by Czecho-Slovakia, of the Ruthenians by the Poles. The Italians themselves were permitted to violate the principle of nationality much more seriously in the annexation of the Austrian Tyrol. The peacemakers sanctioned at least a dozen violations of the principle of nationality. That does not make an additional violation a desirable thing, but it does suggest that we ought not to rule the Italian case entirely out of court because in the settlement proposed by the Italians a few more Slavs might fall under Italian rule than Italians under the rule of the Slavs in the settlement proposed by the Jugoslavs.

It is worth bearing in mind that the Italian settlement is not one that would offer a strategical foothold from which to control Jugoslavia. That country is exactly as strong or as weak strategically without Fiume and Zara as it would be with them. It is not a settlement that would rob the Jugoslavs of anything deeply involved in their national sentiment. Jugoslav traditions are derived from inland, Nish, the Morava valley, the Drin, the Black Mountain. Whatever traditions cluster around Fiume and Zara are Italian. The settlement does not compromise Jugoslav economic and commercial development. And if a few thousand Jugoslavs must fall under Italian rule, it will be a mild rule. For in the long run, a commercial people like the Italian is more conscious of its dependence on a neighbor's good will than an agricultural and pastoral people like the Jugoslavs.

In its resistance to exaggerated Italian claims Jugoslavia has been supported by France and America and has commanded much British sympathy. Jugoslavia can not continue to count on such support if she proves irreconcilable now when Italian policy has become moderate and conciliatory. Jugoslavia can make a settlement now that safeguards her legitimate interests, with national losses that are insignificant in comparison with her gains in international good will. Her friends need to impress it upon her that she will hardly make so favorable a settlement later, when the sentiment of the world turns against her, as it must if she proves unwilling to make any concession for the sake of peace.

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EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY — CHARLES MERZ
FRANCIS HACKETT — WALTER LIPPMANN
ALVIN JOHNSON — PHILIP LITTELL
SIGNE TOKSVIG, Assistant Editor

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The Portent of Spen Valley

The English Political Situation

POSSIBLY at no previous time has the political situation in the United Kingdom been so obscure to the publicist, and so perplexing to the prophet, as at the present moment. The victory of the Labor party in the Spen Valley constituency (an industrial center in the West Riding of Yorkshire, where a cluster of small cities make woollen goods), after an exceptionally prolonged contest, against both a coalition government candidate, and Sir John Simon, the most distinguished of Mr. Asquith's late Ministers, has left London gasping. Coming as the climax of a series of seventeen bye elections, since Mr. Lloyd George's great majority in December, 1918, this exciting contest has suddenly convinced the public, not only that the present Coalition cabinet is destined to defeat, but also that the Labor party has made good its claim, as against Mr. Asquith's Liberal party, to be its successor—unless Mr. Lloyd George can invent a new trick or a new combination (which is what most people expect him to do).

The study of bye elections is one of those fascinating pursuits of the British politician from which the constitutions of most other countries debar their inhabitants. Vacancies in the House of Commons occur in three ways; by death, by promotion to a new peerage or by accession to office, and by resignation. Death cannot be controlled by the government, nor yet the succession to peerages through death. But promotion to a new peerage or accession to office are at the will of the government; and resignations (which take the archaic form of getting appointed to a sinecure and obsolete office) are very largely subject to its wishes. Hence the series of bye elections is a misleading sample, because a large proportion (often one-third of the whole) occur in constituencies where the government has seen fit deliberately to challenge a conflict. When bye elections go against the government, the portent is, accordingly, the more grave for its health.

Now, since the General Election, thirteen months ago, there have been, in Great Britain, seventeen bye elections, being nearly three per cent of the total of constituencies. At these elections 315,103 electors have voted. A Lloyd George Coalition candidate stood at sixteen of them; and these polled 136,917 votes, or only 43 per cent of the votes cast. The Anti-Coalition candidates polled 178,186 votes, or 57 per cent. Out of the seventeen vacancies, the Coalition lost no fewer than six seats. The verdict of the electorate upon the cabinet which, only a year ago, was installed with so triumphant a majority, is pretty conclusive. The appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober has seldom been shown so dramatically.

The figures are worth analyzing in further detail. Not all the seventeen constituencies were contested by all three parties, Coalition, Independent Liberal and Labor. There were sixteen Coalition candidates who obtained an average of 8,558 votes. There were twelve Labor candidates, whose average was 9,482. There were ten Independent Liberals who averaged only 6,024 votes. The contrast can be put even more graphically. At six elections there were candidates of all three parties. At these six the total Coalition vote was 46,438; the total Anti-Coalition vote was 65,788. But the most significant fact is that, in these three-cornered contests, the Labor party candidates got no fewer than 40,058 votes, whilst the Independent Liberals got only 25,730. At the last three of these three-cornered elections, polling within the past month (St. Albans, Bromley and Spen Valley) the Labor party had actually the largest aggregate poll, namely 30,947; against 29,903 for the Coalition, or government candidates (who obtained only 40 per cent of the votes cast), and no more than 12,718 for the Independent Liberal, or Asquithian candidates.

Out of sixteen Coalition seats vacated within thirteen months (the seventeenth was that of a Labor Member) the Coalition loss of six is equal to a loss of 182 on the whole 500 Coalition seats in Great Britain. Great as is the government majority in the Hou[illegible]ommons—in the aggregate, something like 4[illegible], or in practice, on a close call, even more—anything like so great a turnover of votes at a General Election would practically sweep it away; and would, at the same time, give the Labor party an absolute majority in Parliament.

But this is not how things happen in Britain, and no one expects such a result. In the first place, all past experience indicates that a General Election never reproduces, in the aggregate, the statistical results of even the whole series of preceding bye elections. At each bye election there is a concentration of interest, a concentration of electioneering machinery, and a special concentration of attention on the subjects of contemporary political controversy—notably on the mistakes and misfortunes of

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the government itself—which are necessarily absent in the conditions of a General Election when all the six hundred constituencies are polling simultaneously. In political meteorology, bye election results afford an indication of the probable political weather of the near future, but no more than an indication of a probability. It may be accepted as a political axiom that the General Election will be different from the statistical inferences drawn from the bye elections; though how different no one can predict. In the second place, the conditions of a General Election invariably differ from those of the preceding bye elections, in that the Government itself is affected by the inferences which it draws from the bye elections, so that it changes front; discards as far as it can the features which it regards as likely to be unpopular in the eyes of the electorate, and modifies its platform to suit the currents that its own political meteorology enables it to detect or to foresee. Thus, the government at a General Election—and the same is true of the political party or parties making up the Opposition—is not the same entity as that which appealed to the electors at the bye elections. Finally, the bye elections turn, overwhelmingly, on the electors' judgment of the present. At a General Election, the eyes of the men and women voters are fixed, very largely, on the future. At a bye election, what is given is, to a great extent, a judgment on the actions and accomplishments of the government, in the light of the criticisms of their opponents. At the General Election, though what has been done is a considerable element, much more turns on what the government, on the one hand, and the Opposition parties on the other, succeed in persuading the electorate that they are respectively going to do. All these considerations make very deceptive the inferences that are apt to be drawn from the political meteorology of bye elections.

What, then, may be expected in British politics in the near future, in the light of these bye election results? The first thing to notice is the "arrival" of the Labor party. It is, in all respects, the same party as it was three or four months ago. But the British world is now fully aware of it, not merely as an organized party that has come to stay, but as the creator of the future government of the nation; and as the inevitable successor of the present Coalition party when that ceases, in due course, to hold power and office. Foolish persons, in and out of Parliament, continue to talk of the Labor party as a "class" party; as being manifestly incompetent to fill the high offices of state, and as being patently incapable of grappling with high problems of foreign affairs or complicated statesmanship. Such persons are, however, still under the simple illusion that the Labor party is a party of laborers. They are presumably aware that the Liberal party is not a party of men and women of free-handed, broad-minded and generously inclined disposition (which is what is meant by the word "liberal"); and that the Coalition, Unionist or Conservative party covers many persons for whom either of these epithets is a misnomer. But they cannot get it into their heads that the Labor party is no more a party of laborers than the Conservative party is one of landlords, or the Liberal party one of capitalists. It is a party formed on the basis of opinions, like any other political party; and the feature in its history during the past five years has been the extent to which it has been joined by barristers, teachers, clerks, university professors, doctors, architects, authors and journalists, workers in physical science laboratories, and even an increasing number of manufacturing and commercial employers. It includes even some generals in the army, and admirals in the navy; a bishop or two; and, in fact, three or four members of the House of Lords. The Labor candidates at the last five bye elections of interest happen not to have been "workmen" in the ordinary sense. They were respectively a medical practitioner, an ex-clerk in a merchant's office, the manager of a department of a great cooperative society, a retired civil engineer and the manager of a section under the National Insurance act. These things are now becoming realized by the public, which is getting used to the idea of a Labor government. In this sense the Labor party has "arrived."

What handicaps the Labor party most at the moment is its poverty. Its millions of affiliated members contribute only twopence a year each to its funds, which barely suffice for central office expenses. Candidatures have to be paid for entirely by the poor local parties, or by the trade unions and other organizations promoting them, or by the candidates themselves. At the last General Election, even under these conditions, 361 Labor candidates were run, at a total cost it is estimated, of £200,000. The party ought to contest every bye election, but has, this year, only managed to fight twelve out of seventeen. It ought to put six hundred candidates in the field at once in preparation for a General Election, and equip them with competent election agents and organizers, and start vigorously campaigning from Cornwall to Sutherland. But this involves a total expenditure during the ensuing twelve months of a million sterling. If this sum could be raised (together with a quarter of a million with which to convert the Daily Herald into an effective national newspaper covering the whole kingdom) I personally believe that the Labor

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party could ensure an absolute majority at the next General Election. With Labor and the New Social Order as the program, and an organization only half as complete as that of the Unionist party, the Labor party would sweep the board. This, however, will not happen. No such fund will be raised. Labor candidatures will continue to be run with insufficient funds and inadequate organization —sometimes with astonishing results.

The second outstanding feature is the demise of the Liberal party. It was bad enough for Mr. Asquith and all his colleagues in the late ministry to lose their seats at the last General Election; and for the party to come back to the House of Commons merely thirty strong, only half the strength of the Labor party. But a whole year has passed, and neither Mr. Asquith nor any other Liberal leader has been able to get back to Parliament, whilst the prospects of their re-election become distinctly more dim. The very constituencies that used to be most favorable to their candidatures now seem to them political death-traps. On five out of the six occasions during the past year on which Liberal, Labor and Coalitionists have met, the Liberal has received fewer votes than the Labor man. What is being said, as a general law, is that the average poll of a Liberal candidate is 6,024; that of a Labor candidate 9,482. The last Liberal who ventured to go to the poll before the Spen Valley debacle forfeited his deposit of £150 (that is to say, did not poll even one-eighth of the votes cast). The result is that the Daily News and the Star, the representatives of Liberalism in the London press, are now earnestly begging the Liberal candidate for the pending vacancy at Ashton-under-Lyne to withdraw; and are actually recommending all Liberals in that constituency (whether he withdraws or not) to vote rather for the Labor candidate. The Liberal party, which may be said to have been first effectively consolidated by Gladstone in 1868, after the couple of decades of party disruption that followed the repeal of the Corn Laws, has, after half a century of progressive reforms of a curiously limited character, come finally to an end. Americans will be reminded of the equally sudden final break-up of the Whig party in the United States just over sixty years ago; and of the rapid emergence of the Republican party.

The question now is how will Mr. Lloyd George, whose ingenuity has hitherto been unfailing, meet the menacing situation. He can easily "hold on." There is at present nothing to compel a dissolution, which is not legally required, until 1923. The very certainty of defeat at the polls will even strengthen the Premier's hand in coercing his Unionist and Conservative colleagues to accept and support any proposal which he deems necessary. The threat of a dissolution, which a Prime Minister may (at his own peril) at any moment demand from the King, will be sufficient in the last resort, to reduce both ministers and members of the House of Commons to submission. Thus, a serious cabinet disagreement, which is almost the only event that might compel a premature dissolution, is less than ever likely. On the other hand, if the present Coalition government goes on for its legal term, and waits to dissolve until 1923, political experience points to its succumbing to an electoral defeat as overwhelming as that which Mr. Balfour's government met in 1906; when it, too, had outstayed its welcome. Those who pride themselves most on knowledge of Mr. Lloyd George's psychology are convinced that nothing is more unlikely than that he will consent thus to drag on to certain political annihilation. He will not go down a Conservative drain-pipe.

What we may expect, therefore, is some dramatic political happening within the next twelve months or so. Mr. Lloyd George will make up his mind either to rehabilitate the Coalition government in popular estimation by very drastic transformations of policy, personnel and program—creating out of it, perhaps, a new Center party, with a startling "forward" program of social reform, whilst denouncing everything else as Bolshevism—or else (and this is quite possible) throwing up the attempt; dramatically resigning his post and advising the King to entrust Mr. Bonar Law with the formation of a Unionist government. In the latter case, Mr. Lloyd George would cross the floor of the House of Commons, and raise his own standard in the country, collecting round him a party of personal adherents, recruited largely from among the Liberals at present adhering to the Coalition. We should hear from him no more denunciations of Bolshevism. He would cultivate friendly relations with the Labor party, and avoid antagonizing it. There might, probably, be no overt alliance; and rivalry between Labor party candidates and Lloyd George candidates at the General Election could not altogether be avoided. But no clashing would be done so far as was possible; and there would be a common disposition not to quarrel too much in face of a Unionist and Conservative enemy. The result of a General Election in 1922 on these lines would probably give the Labor party and the Lloyd George party four hundred members between them. A combination to take office would be inevitable. Whether Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Henderson, Mr. Thomas or Mr. Clynes was Prime Minister would matter comparatively little. The govern-

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ment would be joint; the offices would be apportioned out among the most capable men, on the one hand, and the most influential leaders on the other; the policy would be that of the Labor party; the steering would be by Mr. Lloyd George. This seems the most probable forecast for 1925; but whether it will be realized as soon as 1922, and through what stages we shall in the meantime pass, defies prediction. SIDNEY WEBB.

Death and Old Man Murtrie

OLD Man Murtrie never got any fresh air at all, except on Sundays on his way to and from church. He lived, slept, cooked and ate back of the prescription case in his little dismal drugstore in one of the most depressing quarters of Brooklyn. The store was dimly lighted by gas and it was always damp and suggested a tomb. Drifting feebly about in the pale and cold and faintly greenish radiance reflected from bottles and showcases, Old Man Murtrie with his bloodless face and dead white hair and wisps of whisker was like a ghost that has not managed to get free from the neighborhood of a sepulchre where its body lies disintegrating.

People said that Old Man Murtrie was nearly a hundred years old, but this was not true; he was only getting along towards ninety. The neighborhood, however, seemed a little impatient with him for not dying. Some persons suggested that perhaps he really had been dead for a long time, and did not know it. If so, they thought, it might be kind to tell him about it.

But Old Man Murtrie was not dead, any more than he was alive. And Death himself, who has his moments of impatience, began to get worried about Old Man Murtrie. It was time, Death thought, that he was dead, since he looked so dead; and Death had said so, both to God and to the Devil.

"But I don't want to garner him, naturally," Death would say, "till I know which one of you is to have him. He's got to go somewhere, you know."

God and Death and the Devil used to sit on the prescription counter in a row, now and then, and watch Old Man Murtrie as he slept in his humble little cot back there, and discuss him.

God would look at Old Man Murtrie's pale little Adam's Apple sticking up in the faint gaslight, and moving as he snored—moving feebly, for even his snores were feeble—and say, with a certain distaste:

"I don't want him. He can't get into Heaven."

And the Devil would look at his large, weak, characterless nose;—a nose so big that it might have suggested force on any one else but Old Man Murtrie—and think what a sham it was, and how effectually all its contemptible effort to be a real nose was exposed in Old Man Murtrie's sleep. And the Devil would say:

"I don't want him. He can't get into Hell."

And then Death would say, querulously: "But he can't go on living forever. My reputation is suffering."

"You should take him," the Devil would say to God. "He goes to church on Sunday, and he is the most meek and pious and humble and prayerful person in all Brooklyn, and perhaps in all the world."

"But he takes drugs," God would say. "You should take him, because he is a drug fiend."

"He takes drugs," the Devil would admit, "but that doesn't make him a *fiend*. You have to do something besides take drugs to be a fiend. You will permit me to have my own notions, I am sure, on what constitutes a fiend."

"You ought to forgive him the drugs for the sake of his piety," the Devil would say. "And taking drugs is his only vice. He doesn't drink, or smoke tobacco, or use profane language, or gamble. And he doesn't run after women."

"You ought to forgive him the piety for the sake of the drugs," God would tell the Devil.

"I never saw such a pair as you two," Death would say, querulously. "Quibble, quibble, quibble! —while Old Man Murtrie goes on and on living! He's lived so long that he is affecting death rates and insurance tables, all by himself, and you know what that does to my reputation."

And Death would stoop over and run his finger caressingly across Old Man Murtrie's throat, as the Old Man slept. Whereupon Old Man Murtrie would roll over on his back and moan in his sleep and gurgle.

"He has wanted to be a cheat all his life," God would say to the Devil. "He has always had the impulse to give short weight and substitute inferior drugs in his prescriptions and overcharge children who were sent on errands to his store. If that isn't sin I don't know what sin is. You should take him."

"I admit he has had those impulses," the Devil would say to God. "But he has never yielded to them. In my opinion having those impulses and conquering them makes him a great deal more virtuous than if he'd never had 'em. No one who is as virtuous as all that can get into Hell."

"I never saw such a pair," Death would grumble. "Can't you agree with each other about anything?"

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"He didn't abstain from his vices because of any courage," God would say. "He abstained simply because he was afraid. It wasn't virtue in him; it was cowardice."

"The fear of the Lord," murmured the Devil, dreamily, "is the beginning of all wisdom."

"But not necessarily the end of it," God would remark.

"Argue, argue, argue," Death would say, "and here's Old Man Murtrie still alive! I'm criticized about the way I do my work, but no one has any idea of the vacillation and inefficiency I have to contend with! I never saw such a pair as you two to vacillate!"

Sometimes Old Man Murtrie would wake up and turn over on his couch and see God and Death and the Devil sitting in a row on the prescription counter, looking at him. But he always persuaded himself that it was a sort of dream, induced by the "medicine" he took; and he would take another dose of his "medicine" and go back to sleep again. He never spoke to them when he waked, but just lay on his cot and stared at them; and if they spoke to him he would pretend to himself that they had not spoken. For it was absurd to think that God and Death and the Devil could really be sitting there, in the dim greenish gas light, among all the faintly radiant bottles, talking to each other and looking at him; and so Old Man Murtrie would not believe it.

When he first began taking his "medicine" Old Man Murtrie took it in the form of a certain patent preparation which was full of opium. He wanted the opium more and more after he started, but he pretended to himself that he did not know there was much opium in that medicine. Then, when a federal law banished that kind of medicine from the markets, he took to making it for his own use. He would not take opium outright, for that would be to acknowledge to himself that he was an opium eater; he thought eating opium was a sin, and he thought of himself as sinless. But to make the medicine with the exact formula that its manufacturers had used, before they had been compelled to shut up shop, and use it, did not seem to him to be the same thing at all as being an opium eater. And yet, after the law was passed, abolishing the medicine, he would not sell to anyone else what he made for himself; his conscience would not allow him to do so. Therefore, he must have known that he was eating opium at the same time he tried to fool himself about it.

God and the Devil used to discuss the ethics of this attitude towards the "medicine," and Old Man Murtrie would sometimes pretend to be asleep and would listen to them.

"He knows it is opium all right," God would say. "He is just lying to himself about it. He ought to go to Hell. No one that lies to himself that way can get into Heaven."

"He's pretending for the sake of society in general and for the sake of religion," the Devil would say. "If he admitted to himself that it was opium and if he let the world know that he took opium, it might bring discredit on the church that he loves so well. He might become a stumbling block to others who are seeking salvation, and who seek it through the church. He is willing to sacrifice himself so as not to hamper others in their religious life. For my part, I think it is highly honorable of him, and highly virtuous. No person as moral as that in his instincts can get into Hell."

"Talk, talk, talk!" Death would say. "The trouble with you two is that neither one of you wants Old Man Murtrie around where you will have to look at him through all eternity, and each of you is trying to put it on moral grounds."

And Old Man Murtrie kept on living and praying and being pious and wanting to be bad and not daring to and taking his medicine and being generally as ineffectual in the world either for good or evil as a butterfly in a hurricane.

But things took a turn. There was a faded-looking blonde woman with stringy hair by the name of Mable who assisted Old Man Murtrie in the store, keeping his books and waiting on customers, and so forth. She was unmarried, and one day she announced to him that she was going to have a child.

Old Man Murtrie had often looked at her with a recollection, a dim and faint remembrance, of the lusts of his youth and of his middle age. In his youth and middle age he had lusted after many women, but he had never let any of them know it, because he was afraid, and he had called his fears virtue, and had really believed that he was virtuous.

"Whom do you suspect?" asked Old Man Murtrie, leering at Mable like a wraith blown down the ages from the dead adulteries of ruined Babylon.

"Who?" cried Mable, an unlessoned person, but with a cruel, instinctive humor, "Who but you!"

She had expected Old Man Murtrie to be outraged at her ridiculous joke, and, because she was unhappy herself, had anticipated enjoying his astounded protests. But it was she who was astounded. Old Man Murtrie's face was blank and his eyes were big for a moment, and then he chuckled; a queer little cackling chuckle. And when she

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went out he opened the door for her and cocked his head and cackled again.

It gave Mable an idea. She reflected that he took so much opium that he might possibly be led to believe the incredible, and she might get some money out of him. So the next evening she brought her mother and her brother to the store and accused him.

Old Man Murtrie chuckled and . . . *and admitted it!* Whether he believed that it could be true or not, Mable and her people were unable to determine. But they made the tactical error of giving him his choice between marriage and money, and he chose matrimony.

And then Old Man Murtrie was suddenly seized with a mania for confession. God and Death and the Devil used to listen to him nights, and they wondered over him, and began to change their minds about him, a little. He confessed to the officials of his church. He confessed to all the people whom he knew. He insisted on making a confession, a public confession, in the church itself and asking for the prayers of the preacher and congregation for his sin, and telling them that he was going to atone by matrimony, and asking for a blessing on the wedding.

And one night, full of opium, while he was babbling about it in his sleep, God and Death and the Devil sat on the prescription counter again and looked at him and listened to his ravings and speculated.

"I'm going to have him," said the Devil. "Anyone who displays such conspicuous bad taste that he goes around confessing that he has ruined a woman ought to go to Hell."

"You don't want him for that reason," said God. "And you know you don't. You want him because you admire the idea of adultery, and think that now he is worthy of a place in Hell. You are rather entertained by Old Man Murtrie, and want him around now."

"Well," said the Devil, "suppose I admit that is true! Have you any counter claim?"

"Yes," said God. "I am going to take Old Man Murtrie into Heaven. He knows he is not the father of the child that is going to be born, but he has deliberately assumed the responsibility lest it be born fatherless, and I think that is a noble act."

"Rubbish!" said the Devil. "That isn't the reason you want him. You want him because of the paternal instinct he displays. It flatters you!"

"Well," said God, "why not? The paternal instinct is another name for the great creative force of the universe. I have been known by many names in many countries . . . they called me Osiris, the All-Father, in Egypt, and they called me Jehovah in Palestine, and they called me Zeus and Brahm . . . but always they recognized me as the Father. And this instinct for fatherliness appeals to me. Old Man Murtrie shall come to Heaven."

"Such a pair as you two," said Death, gloomily, "I never did see! Discuss and discuss, but never get anywhere! And all the time Old Man Murtrie goes on living."

And then Death added:

"Why not settle this matter once and for all, right now? Why not wake Old Man Murtrie up and let him decide?"

"Decide?" asked the Devil.

"Yes,—whether he wants to go to Hell or to Heaven."

"I imagine," said God, "that if we do that there can be no question as to which place he would rather go to."

"Oh, I don't know," said the Devil. "Some people come to Hell quite willingly. I've been to Heaven myself, you know, and I can quite understand why. Are you afraid to have Old Man Murtrie make the choice?"

"Wake him up, Death, wake him up," said God. "It's unusual to allow people to know that they are making their own decision—though all of them, in a sense, do make it—but wake him up, Death, and we'll see."

So Death prodded Old Man Murtrie in the ribs, and they asked him. For a long time he thought it was only opium, but when he finally understood that it was really God and Death and the Devil who were there, and that it was really they who had often been there before, he was very much frightened. Hewas so frightened he couldn't chose.

"I'll leave it to you, I'll leave it to you," said Old Man Murtrie. "Who am I that I should set myself up to decide?"

"Well," said God, getting a little angry, perhaps, "if you don't want to go to Heaven, Murtrie, you don't have to. But you've been praying to go to Heaven, and all that sort of thing, for seventy or eighty years, and I naturally thought you were in earnest. But I'm through with you . . . you can go to Hell."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" moaned Old Man Murtrie.

"No," said the Devil, "I've changed my mind, too. My distaste for Murtrie has returned to me. I don't want him around. I won't have him in Hell."

"See here, now!" cried Death. "You two are starting it all over again. I won't have it, so I won't! You aren't fair to Murtrie, and you aren't fair to me! This matter has got to be settled, and settled tonight!"

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"Well, then," said God, "settle it. I've ceased to care one way or another."

"I will not," said Death, "I know my job, and I stick to my job. One of you two has got to settle it."

"Toss a coin," suggested the Devil, indifferently.

Death looked around for one.

"There's a qu-qu-quarter in m-m-my t-t-trousers p-p-pocket," stammered Old Man Murtrie, and then stuck his head under the bed-clothes and shivered as if he had the ague.

Death picked up Murtrie's poor little weazened trousers from the floor at the foot of the cot, where they lay sprawled untidily, and shook them till the quarter dropped out.

He picked it up.

"Heads, he goes to Heaven. Tails, he goes to Hell," said Death, and tossed the coin to the ceiling. Murtrie heard it hit the ceiling, and started. He heard it hit the floor, and bounce, and jingle and spin and roll and come to rest. And he thrust his head deeper under the covers and lay there quaking. He did not dare look.

"Look at it, Murtrie," said Death.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" groaned Murtrie, shaking the cot.

But Death reached over and caught him by the neck and turned his face so that he could not help seeing. And Old Man Murtrie looked and saw that the coin had fallen with the side up that sent him to——

But, really, why should I tell you? Go and worry about your own soul, and let Old Man Murtrie's alone.

DON MARQUIS.

A Farmer Speaks

SINCE the breaking out of peace the world seems to the farmer to have gone stark, raving mad. Men who never worked are advising those who never have done anything else to get busy. Idleness is demanding the same reward for loafing that labor receives for its toil. Measures taken to increase production increase only the production of talk. Strikes, riots and sabotage—sabotage, riots and strikes recur with the monotony of an intoning voice. Public blame shuttles from man to master, and from master to man. Food is dear and fuel comes in miserly dole, if at all. The snarl is less forced than the smile.

But during the commotion that has stirred mankind, one class has shown a striking disapproval of and separation from the wrangling hosts. That class is the farmers. They have not altogether escaped the effects of a disturbance so universal. If the world has been sick they have suffered with it. If a better day is being born they have shared some of the pangs of parturition. If humanity is going to smash they have as much to lose as the others. If the millennium is almost here the tiptoeing of the multitude for the first glimpse of paradise has not left them unmoved. But the farmer has been a doubter from the first. He is the scion of a stock that has patiently endured hardship in every form. The blood of men and women who lived in dread of the scalping knife runs in his veins. The thrift of a grandmother who scrimped and saved to make ends meet tinges his being, and makes him shy of grandiose schemes of the highfaluting. He has been far from sure that the world needed remaking, and while he has believed that the old boat needed tinkering up a bit, he has been unalterably opposed to swamping it. So while the mob has milled around like cattle in fly-time, "those that hold the plow and whose talk is of bullocks" have not only been diligent to make furrows, but have been doing some serious thinking, as well.

The farmers have regretted that there should be class-consciousness in this country, for they are by nature, training and environment individualists. But they have been forced to recognize the strife which is on and to measure its menace to themselves. As a result the farming people of the country are now organizing. Reluctantly that class, so important to the welfare of others, is being drawn into groups, often unaffiliated with each other and frequently somewhat vague in their purposes, but earnest in the conviction that the time for concerted action is here. In some ways it is to be regretted that these individualists, who love independence of action and freedom from restraint, should at last be driven together for protection, but the law of self-preservation is strong and sentiment must stand aside. While probably no man can greatly hurry nor much retard their drift towards solidarity, there will be some pitched battles and much skirmishing by the way. These the farmer expects—and even welcomes. He also knows that his worst enemies will not be those in the trenches which he captures, but the foemen within his own ranks, wearing his uniform and sniping him from the rear, as he goes over the top. Among the most dangerous of these insidious foes to farmers' organiza-

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tions is a relatively small but influential class of men who thrust a finger into every farmer's pie. These men may be great manufacturers, or merchant princes, or wealthy bankers, or almost anything that is not mediocre and commonplace. No one should disparage their excellent parts. They are worthy citizens, kind neighbors, good Americans. They have the Midas touch; they become rich and can afford hobbies. They work hard and play hard. Some of them go in for numismatics or ceramics; some of them become bibliophiles or art collectors; some beguile themselves with yachts and golf; some—and keep your eye on these—take up farming as a pastime.

The man who makes farming a hobby may perform a real service to mankind. He has the means to experiment, to wait, to tear down and build over, to test this exotic or that unproven theory, and to do many things contingent on an utter disregard of a profit, as it is impossible for an actual farmer to do. The general effect resulting from a free use of his wealth may be worth going many miles to see; his Herefords or Galloways, his Durocs or Chester Whites, his Plymouth Rocks or Wyandottes may be prize winners. Ed Howe may write him up in The Country Gentleman as the best farmer in his state. But after sifting out all the glittering dross, this residuum of fact remains—he is not a farmer. But when farmers foregather at their institutes or other meetings these hobby-horse farmers are there with both feet. They are prominent and respected—everyone knows it; they have ability—that must be conceded; they have polished address—listen to them and you cannot doubt it. In the role of invited speakers they may have much useful knowledge to impart—but they are not there in that role. They—and this is why the ointment sends forth a stinking savour—are there ostensibly as farmers and nothing else. They are there to assist in framing grange policy, to take part in the discussion of matters of special importance to rural populations—and to see to it that nothing radical or populistic from their point of view finds its way into platforms, constitutions or resolutions. They are skilled in parliamentary procedure, they are glib-tongued and their social, financial and political prestige carries weight. Many a farmers' meeting has been called to transact business which never got transacted, because a very smooth flow of talk obscured the issues till the farmers found themselves adjourned and on the way home with nothing accomplished. This unholy alliance in which the counterfeit entraps the real farmer can have but one outcome—the real farmer will be hoaxed. Not that he may be dealing with questionable characters—he is not. But he is not dealing with farmers. He is dealing with men who have stolen into his organization, who do not think in his terms, act on his impulses or react to his needs. As friends and neighbors they may be the salt of the earth, but as members of a farm organization they should be dispensed with.

The farmer is patient. Long before inquiries were set on foot as to who loosened and let down his brutal jaw, he was taking things pretty much as they came, and the habit is still strong upon him. He is somewhat bewildered when he hears of the troubles of persons who get more for a month's work than he formerly saw in a year. He can remember when he was so poor that the proverbial church mouse, Job's turkey and the skimmed milk all drew themselves up in disdain and left him to his misery. He can also remember that no one seemed to be particularly excited over his predicament. In those days he was scratching not only a very poor, but a very perplexed man's back and was running in circles trying to borrow money at any rate of interest satisfactory to the lender. When corn would not sell he used it for fuel; when there was a market it was often sold for a price that would just about pay for its husking now. The skimpily-clad farm woman haggled with pack-peddlers over the price of a spool of thread or a dozen buttons, cannily bearing in mind the price of eggs, which was six or seven cents a dozen. This background of remembered hardships has had an influence on the farmer's philosophy of life. If hard times could come once they can come again. He does not believe in throwing money at the birds because he owns the pot in which his porridge is cooked, and he has small patience with the Harold Skimpoles, who are forever dingdonging on the largess of Mother Earth and the almost bursting condition of the cornucopian horn. When they grow eloquent over what must be done to brighten the life of the farmer and to keep the boys and girls on the farm, he suspects that for every blow struck for the boys and girls they are putting in a dozen licks for themselves. The assumed disinterested goodness of men who called him a calamity howler in the hour of his bitter need, and now hypocritically proffer their help in the day of his deliverance is not making a favorable impression on the farmer. He sees those men exactly as they are, and he sees something else—he sees himself solvent. He, the dunce of the family, the big booby who has been put upon by scribe and booster, who has worn the fool's cap and stood in the corner—he is now able to pay the fiddler and go on with the dance. When nations are toppling and men in almost every industry save his own are quarreling over the food wherewith to fill their bellies, the farmer remem-

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bers with rekindled anger some of the things for which he had to stand in his years of hardship.

The farmer is not an extreme radical. The red flag is carried through city streets—not along country lanes. If the present state of society breaks down during one of the epochal changes on earth, the last stand of our civilization will be made on the farms. When the red terror stalks through the twilight of a dying age, and the mutter of machine guns mingles with the clangor of cathedral chimes, the farmer will still be driving his cows home for the milking, while his housewife visits the coops to see that the chickens are snug for the night. Abysmal depths may yawn at the farmer's feet; he may read the portents of the hour and know his doom, but on the last day he will shake down the bedding for Queen and Girlie, and water the drooping vine. But though not an extreme radical he has sometimes felt impelled to support forward-looking movements or to ally himself with parties of protest, when conditions became intolerable. He has been the determining and dominating influence in third parties which disappeared only when the older parties became impressed with the necessity of giving greater heed to the problems of social politics. But in their day they were the target for filthy slurs and nasty epithets. The most casual student of political history will have no difficulty in remembering the ribald mirth caused by the callithumpian farmers of Kansas, whose only crimes were being poor and voting the greenback ticket. To the journalistic humorists of the time there was something excruciatingly funny about the Populist farmers, whose crops were shorn one year by the hot winds and eaten by the grasshoppers and chinch bugs the next.

No farmers' organization ever has aroused more bitter opposition than the Nonpartisan League, to which the writer does not happen to belong. The charges against it have been almost innumerable, the most serious of which is that it was disloyal to the government during the war. Yet the barest facts are that it was brought into existence to redress a real wrong from which the farmers of North Dakota were suffering, which robbed them of millions of dollars a year, and from which they could obtain relief in no other way. That the Nonpartisan League has made mistakes is quite certain. That a great body of farmers, smarting under a cruel wrong and unskilled in statecraft should sometimes blunder is not so surprising as it would be if their blunders had been the first made by any political party. That some of its members should be disloyal is not so astonishing as it would be if no disloyal persons could be found in other organizations, supposedly of good repute. All good Americans respect their government. So trite is such a statement that persons of feeling prefer to let their actions only speak for them. A continual harping on one's patriotism, one's devotion to the flag, one's red-blooded Americanism goes far to arouse suspicion that a smoke-screen of noble virtues is being put over to hide some sort of deviltry. The Nonpartisan League is not hated, denounced and spat upon by its contemners because they believe it to be disloyal to the government. The groans and hisses, hoots and cat-calls, moans of pain and threats of mob vengeance are not the sweat of loyalty, exuding from the pores of persons whose skins are over-tight with outraged patriotism. The hundreds of thousands of farmers of North Dakota and other states who are members of the League may be chasing moonbeams, but they have no desire to embarrass or overthrow their government. The League has been hated and feared because it is a farmers' movement which outside influences cannot control. The farmer still has to establish his right to the usages of civilized warfare. Where and when the farmers have joined their strength and raised their hands against a foe it has been the signal for the savage foray and the midnight massacre. Shafts of coarse ridicule have done the work of bow and arrow; charges of stupidity, malice, disloyalty, Bolshevism and anarchy have been the tomahawks and war clubs; cunning the deadly ambuscade; lies and vilification the implements of torture.

Not that the farmer asks mercy or immunity from danger—he does not. Not that he does not welcome the battle—he does. He asks only that the brass knuckles, the sling shot and the strangling cord be thrown away. So long as the door of his lodge is left open he is the petted darling of the gods. Politicians fawn upon him; businessmen's organizations take him by the hand, pat his back and pledge him their undying love; and all the poor damosels of the world, who must eke out a living from him, pinch his cheek, rumple his hair and whisper sweet nothings in his ear. But when he pulls in the latchstring—when the tyler is at the wicket and requests the wayfarer to make himself known, ah, that is another matter.

What has been written here has been to show that the farmer has yet to establish his right to unite at all in any real sense of the word, and that he has been driven to the point where he is going to establish it in the near future. One of the first things which he should do to gain that right is to limit memberships in his farm organizations to himself and his kind. If he does not he will have bared his Achilles heel to his enemies and invited his own destruction.

ROSS VONTREES.

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A COMMUNICATION

The New School of Social Research

SIR: At the close of the first term of the New School I should be glad to report to our many friends among your readers some aspects of its progress to date. As Socrates points out, when you go to a new grocer you bring home your purchase in a package and may if you like subject it to analysis before introducing it into your organism; whereas when you go to a new school what you buy is poured directly into your soul. Perhaps everyone has forgotten but ourselves that when our plan was broached last spring it met with a queer little outburst of hostility, provoked apparently by the objectionable words "new" and "social." I remember one not unfriendly old gentleman who urged me to try to get "social" left out on the ground that "to most minds it means hostility to society." In short, the public were warned to be on their guard. I think we were all surprised to find that no less than 549 souls were sporting enough to taste our wares. Of these persons 317 hold academic degrees and 410 describe themselves as having some gainful occupation. Teachers, lawyers, physicians, philanthropic and social workers, reporters, engineers, chemists, employment managers, trade union officials, clergymen, dentists and stenographers are among them. Those who report no occupation are mainly practitioners of marriage. It is from busy people like these that we would draw from choice. Our time-table is arranged to meet their requirements; their maturity and knowledge of their own needs help to make our administrative yoke easy to them and its burden light to us.

By research we mean primarily intelligent study of the living tissues of the society of which we are part rather than the dreary monastic process of the old Teutonic ideal, and our busy students are persons who have already touched some of those problems concretely in their own experience, reflected upon them, and conceived the intention to understand them to the bottom, if there is a bottom. Such persons, getting a second wind for study, should develop into the best sort of citizens, with a solid groundwork of information to cling to when the tides of the group-mind run high. We once considered calling the school The Institute of Social Technology, and I think that might have been a pretty good name. The Technology would have reassured those who were scared by the Social. And it would have emphasized our belief that good-will alone will not make a good citizen, nor method alone without technical knowledge a good equipment for a business man or a city official. As illustrating the practical application of scientific results which we aim at, I may mention two of the courses advertised for next term. First, a course called The Social Function of the Engineer, a series of conferences conducted by Mr. Guido H. Marx of Leland Stanford University, himself an engineer of distinction, which are designed to bring together the theoretical economists and the technicians on whom ultimately depend the whole process of production and distribution. Second: the discussion of Law Reform in America by Mr. Roscoe Pound (Dean of the Harvard Law School) and others. I should like to go through the whole list, showing how consistently we aim at making rapprochements which will really illuminate the social process and at testing knowledge by constant reference to life.

Outside of the school an interesting piece of work is being done by some of the staff. The Workers University of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, organized last autumn, is the result of about five years of educational planning among the members of that union under the leadership of Miss Fannia Cohn. Some of their teachers were drawn from the high schools, but when the need of more special instruction was felt the organizers hesitated. They could apply to certain more or less well established radical schools, or they could apply to the orthodox universities. In fact, they did neither,—they applied to the New School, apparently believing that there they ran the best chance of getting what they wanted, the plain scientific facts with the minimum of coloring matter. This mark of confidence is deeply appreciated by the school, and the work is felt by those cooperating to be very promising. About a hundred workingmen attend the courses given by our staff and they are reported to be "intellectually superior to the average college student." Besides furnishing teachers to the University, the School has arranged a course of its own to train qualified persons for the work of teaching in Labor Colleges in general.

If there have been as yet no casualties among the consumers of our goods it is probably because we do not hand them a ready-made article. They can inspect all the ingredients and they must in fact cooperate in combining them. We have made a clean sweep of the mass of conventions and inhibitions that have encrusted the learning process and that have stiffened it into the teaching process. The New School does not pretend to teach: it offers all the facilities in its power to those who wish to learn. I believe that every sincere lover of learning in every university in the land must at heart sympathize with the spirit of our arrangements. It is the spirit which led to the Rockefeller Institute and the Phipps Psychiatric Clinic. And I believe that a feeling I sometimes hear expressed that the New School is inimical to other graduate schools is founded on nothing more solid than the perhaps too vivacious expression of the joys of freedom. This is proved, I think, by our systematic presentation, in addition to the work of our own staff, of the work of men from other institutions. And far from figuring as a competitor for students with other schools, we shall probably serve to some extent as a feeder for them, since we give no degrees and persons who wish to obtain such will resort to the universities.

Every day the world seems to be safer for dogma. Among the furious currents of the public mind reason has about as much chance as a smallish women in the subway at the rush hour. Those who believe that the patient study of ascertained facts is what will pull us through should stand together to promote the use of intelligence instead of violence in dealing with the social problems that involve the fate of all of us.

EMILY JAMES PUTNAM.

New York City.

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Books and Things

SIX or seven years ago it must be since I last worked for a daily paper, yet up to and including this hour I have not learned how to write with facility outside a newspaper office. I still miss the noise of the presses. For fifteen years I have worked on this daily or on that, yet the newspaper business still keeps for me all its interest and mystery. I still wonder, I am still delighted to find anybody else wondering, why the dailies stick to some of their queerer habits. "The average item," says Mr. William Marion Reedy in The Mirror, "is told in substance at least three times and often as many as five times in the same narration. First, it is told in the headlines, then it is told in the introduction, then it is repeated by some person in some way related to the matter recorded, and there may be an interview or two reciting the story again." The New York Globe, which quotes Mr. Reedy's complaint, makes this answer: "The newspapers must plead guilty. . . . . Readers of newspapers demand redundancy. News articles must be written for those who merely sniff at the news as well as for those who taste and those who chew and digest. Most people read so carelessly that a single statement of a fact is not enough to make an impression on them. . . . If people would read as carefully as people used to when the Bible and Shakespeare made a complete library, newspapers could cut their material in half."

I don't think that the Globe's answer, sensible though it is, applies to all cases, or even to all common cases. Take, for example the verbatim report of a speech. You read the headlines, you decide that you want to read the speech as a whole, and nine times out of ten, unless you are rather imbecile or a professional time-killer, this decision implies a wish to skip the introduction. Your next want is a sub-head, easily found, which shows you where the introduction stops and the text of the speech begins. Once in a while, once in a long while, you find this sub-head, but why can't you find it, in every newspaper, whenever a speech is reported verbatim? Such a convenience as this would trouble no reader, however stupid, and no reporter, correspondent or copy-reader, however convinced that no story becomes a story until it has been told three times. I am inclined, by the way, to think this conviction much older than the Globe seems to think it. Traces of it may be found even in the days "when the Bible and Shakespeare made a complete library." At the head of the first chapter of the First Book of Moses, called Genesis, I discover in modest italics the parent of the modern headline: "1. The creation of heaven and earth." The first verse is the parent of the modern introduction: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Then comes the more extended report of the affair, inning after inning, with the modern custom of stretching in the seventh transferred from the spectators to the performer.

An interest in such questions as this that Mr. Reedy has asked is not, however, exclusively mine. Hundreds of thousands of newspaper readers have each his share in it. Were I intent on proving that my interest in daily newspapers is exceptional, morbid, pathological, I should not rest my case here. I should go further afield. I should tell how, being curious, I actually read Mr. Frank A. Munsey's account of his reasons for buying the New York Herald. Not because I cared what they really were. Because I hoped to learn what Mr. Munsey thought they were. And I believe I have learned. He did not buy the Herald for its building—"the ground lease on which the Herald Building rests terminates at the end of April next year, and then"—not altogether unexpectedly—"the Herald Building will become the property of the owners of the ground." Nor did he buy the Herald for the sake of its plant: "Its printing plant is archaic and worn to the breaking point. There is no machinery there of any practical value." Then why did Mr. Munsey buy? Let the following passage give answer: "The Herald has never lost its atmosphere of refinement. A newspaper reflects the soul of a man who owns it and puts himself into it. Mr. Bennett was a man of good breeding, a man of refined contacts, a man of the world. The Herald has covered as no other American newspaper has ever covered the doings of the social world, dramatic world, musical world and world of sports. Its sporting news has had a peculiar Herald flavor, more refined in theme and in handling than such news in other newspapers. Because of these outstanding characteristics, the Herald has been an extraordinary favorite with women readers everywhere —women of education, position and refined taste." A boorish commentator, hearing Mr. Munsey affirm that the Herald had been refined, might say, as Dr. Johnson said to the young man who told him the sermon they had just heard was a good one: "That may be, Sir, but it is impossible that you should know it." Not being a boor, I prefer to quote Mr. Whistler's Ten o'Clock: "Art, the cruel jade, cares not, and hardens her heart, and hies her off to the East, to find, among the opium-eaters of Nankin, a favorite with whom she lingers fondly—caressing his blue porcelain, and painting his coy maidens, and marking his plates with her six marks of choice—indifferent, in her companionship with him, to all save the virtue of his refinement."

But Mr. Munsey, fondly though he may linger with the favorite whose refinement has beguiled him, does not mean to linger long. A few days after this page has gone to press he will combine the Herald and the Sun. Thus the Herald "will have the advantage of the Sun's fine organization and of the Sun's great mechanical equipment. Moreover, it will get from the Sun the vigor and energy and intiative that the Herald has lacked in recent years. It will get, too, as great a measure of prestige as it gives, for the Sun's reputation for cleverness, for earnestness, for courage mounts quite as big in the aggregate as the far-famed reputation of the New York Herald. Taken together, in one entity, these two newspapers ought to make one very great newspaper." They ought to, but will they do what they ought? Try as he may to follow both of his models, Mr. Munsey is doomed to find the refinement of the old Herald more imitable than the cleverness of the old Sun. Mr. Munsey can be as refined as Mr. Bennett ever was by the simple expedient of wishing to be so, by "copyrighting the weather in Paris," by cabling from Paris the proper names of the proper Americans who happen to be in Paris, by treating more intelligently than other newspapers such refined sporting themes as racquets and court tennis. In such practices did Mr. Bennett's refinement chiefly consist. But the Sun's cleverness, while Mr. Dana was alive and for a few years afterwards, was a cleverness of an odd kind. It combined a turn for parody and burlesque with whimsicality, with a surprising, quick-striking, accurate malice. Such cleverness cannot at this moment be bought. But that the Sun and the Herald, combined, will be just about as clever as the Sun has lately been alone—this, I grant you, is not unlikely.

P. L.

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After the Play

ONCE upon a time an English academician painted a seraphic boy in green velvet, sitting with a bowl between his knees and blowing soap bubbles. You probably remember the fate of that painting—it was bought by Pears' Soap, and they printed millions of the boy with Use Pears' Soap inscribed at the bottom of each picture. It was, it may be said, never a very good picture. The boy was too much a little lord Fauntleroy to do anything except represent a certain silly sublimation. Yet the moment even that silly sublimation was turned into an advertisement it passed from art to artfulness. It became a bit of trickery, a decoy, a soapy smile. It shook its own hands, like a huckster, instead of shaking yours, like a friend. And nothing was needed for this change except for Pears' Soap to put those words of flowing script at the feet of an innocent che-ild.

Tolstoi's Powers of Darkness reminds me of this advertisement. It is, unlike the bit by Millais, a magnificent picture. It is painted by a man who exploded bubbles rather than blew them and upholstered nothing in green velvet, least of all a human being. But after the artist has drawn the scene of The Powers of Darkness and presented a tangible group of mortals, the moralist scrawls across the whole production—Come to Christ. Instantly every value leaves the picture, as every value leaves the sky that is stencilled with a blazing electric sign. There is nothing left after so gross an intrusion except the unhappy consciousness of a good man gone wrong. Not gone wrong in going religious, but gone wrong in subordinating to it an art that ought to be coordinate, an art that loses its veracity the moment another order of veracity is promoted or even introduced.

All through The Powers of Darkness one hears the footfalls of the approaching moralist. It is this emphasis, like the emphasis on the soap in Millais' picture, that spoils one's play of spirit. The Powers of Darkness by itself is wholly capable of engaging one's spirit. It is a substantial dramatic structure, providing more than one crashing collision with fate. But Tolstoi cannot take any chance on your escaping his evangelism. He comes around like a nervous and pertinacious host who is so afraid you won't have a good time. He wants you to be sure that The Powers of Darkness are really on the job—grinding slowly, like the jaws of a cow, but grinding exceeding small. The rotary action of The Powers of Darkness is never forgotten by Tolstoi or by Tolstoi's auditor. The Powers of Darkness moves as the United States Postoffice says it moves: "Neither hail nor rain nor snow nor shade of night halts these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

When Darkness has done its worst, Tolstoi turns on Light. Light or Conversion is then supposed to irradiate the scene, to help everybody. It does nothing, of course, for the gloomy old husband who has been poisoned or for the guilty wife who has been betrayed or for the baby who has been smothered or for the young child who has been frightened by the murder or for the mother of the murdered baby who has been exposed on the day of her wedding by the confessing Nikita or for the married woman whom the confessing Nikita now claims as his own on the ground that he seduced her and was thus her true husband in the sight of God. All of these poor wretches gain nothing, and some lose much, in the sudden light of Nikita's conversion. But that conversion is the Tolstoian way of redressing the moral balance, and turning the hearts of the audience to God.

Powerfully acted, one can imagine that Nikita would be a dominating figure. He is not necessarily a yokel, as Mr. Arthur Hohl seems to conceive him, but rather a dashing and devil-may-care gallant, a country Don Juan. He defies his simple and good father, acted so superbly by Mr. Frank Reicher; he deceives his farmer-employer by making love to his mistress, and his mistress by making love to her step-daughter. When his own mother, a Lady Macbeth of the cabbage patch, arranges the poisoning of the farmer, Nikita assents, and he marries the old man's widow. But what he wants is money, power, gayety. He takes the step-daughter to town, lavishes presents on her, bullies his jealous wife, swigs vodka by the pint, forces gifts on his outraged father, and generally prances down the primrose path. It is only the brutal fact that the step-daughter comes to child-bed that stops his cavorting. The powers of nature, that is to say, rather than the powers of darkness, bring Nikita to account.

And that again invokes Tolstoi's precious exemplar of motherhood, Matryovna. Matryovna is a direct actionist. She believes that the new-born baby is bound to disgrace the household of Nikita and she decides that it must be instantly done away with. She hands her son a shovel, appoints him grave-digger to the living child, and selects the cellar as the graveyard. In this scene, staged with sombre strength by Mr. Lee Simonson, Mr. Arthur Hohl does act powerfully; and the naked hideousness of Nikita's exigency is realized. But Miss Helen Westley as the mother is almost breezily wicked. She twangs the string of wickedness like a banjo string. This, with the two-dimensional acting of Miss Ida Rauh as the farmer's wife-widow, is enough to expose every deficiency of Tolstoi's mechanism and to dampen the fire-cracker of his moral.

Those who have seen The Powers of Darkness in Europe speak of it in subdued and awesome tones. For this reason one must insist on the rawness, the soullessness, of the Theatre Guild's performance. Miss Ida Rauh, for example, speaks the language of the theatre without having mastered its grammar. Her voice is pitched improperly, and she substitutes the ornament of emphasis for the true sensuous organism of characterization. Against this kind of obstacle, and the obstacle of a cast in general too flavorless, Tolstoi cannot struggle. But even with a cast that could make the very most of each wretched catastrophe, I doubt the humanity of this play.

Any play that sees every woman in it as nothing but an Occasion of Sin is really too primitive to be crowned with anything except a tombstone. The conversion of Nikita is a high spot, morally, but he climbs too readily on the backs of his unfortunate women. Is nothing to be done except to take off your high-boots, kiss your father, bow to your Christian Commune, and confess? The thing that seems to me to matter is the way Nikita's commune must go on with his wicked old mother still wicked, his wife beaten to earth, his father still without a horse, his one beloved woman without her baby and his other beloved woman without her Nikita. For Nikita to stop wooing—that settles much. It also unsettles much. It unsettles me, and I wish the less Christian Tolstoi had brought to such a situation his assuaging and redemptive art.

F. H.

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Literary Notes

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT, whose articles from France during the war appeared in the New Republic, has published a record of her experiences as a "blessée" in the North American Review for February.

A "Who Was Who" is soon to be published by A. and C. Black. It will contain biographies of those in Who's Who that have died in the twenty years between 1897 and 1916.

The Educational Department of Boni and Liveright states very correctly that "most children today are reading juvenile books that are little less than poisonous." And the same department announces an antidote in the person of Mr. David S. Greenberg, an experienced school-teacher, who is going to write a series of books which not only tell "gripping stories but very subtly teach. The good will come unconsciously while the child is entertaining himself." Mr. Greenberg's purpose is praiseworthy, but few children will regret that it was ignored by Scott, Marryat, Dumas, Verne, and Stevenson.

The series of Popular Science books edited by J. Arthur Thomson and published by Melrose, London, are to be published in America by Harcourt, Brace and Howe. The same firm is planning a series on International Relations edited by G. Lowes Dickinson. Another important series on labor and industrial relations is to be edited by Louis Levine and soon to be published by B. W. Huebsch. Mr. Levine is writing one volume on the American Federation of Labor.

McClure's Magazine has been sold to Herbert Kaufman, J. O'Hara Cosgrave and Edgar Sisson. Even more interesting are the other business men who are associated with Mr. Kaufman in the new-old project. They are Mr. Storm, chairman of the board of directors of the American Safety Razor Co., Mr. Shinasi of the Shinasi Cigarettes and last but certainly not least in advertising space, Mr. Bresnahan, Vice-President of the American Chicle Co.

The P. F. Volland Co. has published a collection of Brigg's cartoons, Oh Man. There is a foreword by Franklin P. Adams.

Clement K. Shorter is going to edit complete editions of Borrow and Brontë for Doubleday, Page and Co. "These editions," he says in the London Sphere, "will include much hitherto unpublished material and still more which the authors printed that has never been collected. It was one of the ambitions of George Borrow's life to see his translations of Scandinavian ballads in book form. This will now be done and it is possible to revise his Bible in Spain and Lavengro from the original manuscripts in my possession."

Mme. Paderewski is writing the biography of her husban and George Haven Putnam on a recent trip to Warsaw made arrangements to publish it. That confirms an impression, gained from the London Everyman, that the great statesman was "watched over tenderly by Mme. Paderewski, who seemed to solicit the importunate visitor on business bent, to leave her husband in peace as quickly as possible. Her mute imploring eyes gained him much repose."

Chicago presents the world with another Daisy Ashford. This time it is a boy, Horace A. Wade, eleven years of age. The Reilly and Lee Co. announce that on February 1st they will publish the "actual, unaided effort" of this "genuine boy," which effort is 30,000 words long and entitled In the Shadow of Great Peril. Irvin Cobb has called the boy a genius, and Bernard Shaw has refused to believe in his boyhood. Most encouraging of all, George Ade has written the preface. That raises hopes.

Mr. Max Beerbohm's limited American public, of which he may have been thinking when he named his last book Seven Men, are looking forward to the publication here of this group of character studies. The book has been enthusiastically praised in England.

Many hopeful inquiries have been waiting at the New Republic office for a bibliography on industrial democracy. These have at last been adequately and appropriately answered by the Library Employees' Union of Greater New York in a small pamphlet entitled Industrial Democracy 1848-1919. It contains a descriptive list of the most valuable books, articles, party programs, monographs, addresses, reports, laws and by-laws relating to the "joint responsibility in industry on the part of work-taker and work-giver." Not only the United States but nearly every country in Europe has been canvassed for informative material. The contents covers General Study Helps, Industrial Parliaments, Labor Councils, Shop Committees and Works Councils, and the Whitley Committee.

The London Athenaeum turns its attention to Mark Twain: "There are indications that an attempt is being made in America to transform Mark Twain from a popular buffoon to a great genius. It is easy to understand and to sympathize with this attempt. In a country with a borrowed, pedantic and formal culture crudity becomes a virtue. The unintelligent and insincere cult of the "best" music leads the discriminating young to preach the merits of ragtime; they set the Metropolitan Tower over against the Parthenon, and the new standards of dignity and grace are found to be embodied in the cake-walk. It is very natural; one quite understands that Boston must be a trial." Now that the Athenaeum has spoken, we feel sure that this deplorable tendency will be corrected.

From the Little Review we pick this actual blossom, the "patchouli plant": "If only Darwin had lived to see the patchouli plant! You have heard of flowers specially adapting themselves to be fertilized by bees or butterflies or spiders and such-like? Well, this plant which grows in the forests of Guatemala can only be fertilized by English explorers.—On either side a small crevice may be discerned in the fleshy lobes of the calyx. The English traveller seeing this plant is immediately struck by its resemblance to those penny-in-the-slot machines which provide scent for the public in the railway stations at home. Through sheer force of habit he takes a penny from his pocket and inserts it in one of the crevices or slots. Immediate result—a jet of highly scented liquid pollen is discharged from the spout upon the pistil lying below, and the plant is fertilized. Could anything be more miraculous? And yet there are those who deny the existence of God. Poor Fools."

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Chesterton in Ireland

Irish Impressions, by G. K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Co.

FOR true obliviousness there is nothing like the mind of the United States in regard to Canada. It is, as a continental fact, unique. The citizen of the United States appropriates to himself the whole name of American, and no American of literary activity ever writes or thinks of writing his Canadian Impressions. The American has nothing against Canada, nothing whatever. But Canada to him is a sort of backdrop to the American scene, or a lunge into the empty air. American ignorance of Canada is as simple and inclusive as a yawn. On this account, surely, we ought to be prepared for the reminder that Victorian England was hardly more aware of Ireland. Thackeray poked a little fun, rather good fun, at the Irish snob. Trollope wrote a sort of anti-Bolshevik novel on the land question. Matthew Arnold made really penetrating observations and Cardinal Newman shone with pallid opalescence amid the encircling gloom of Irish mal-education. But Victorianism overlooked Ireland with a superiority so enormous as to seem unquestionable. It was like a fact in physics, a fact above discussion or remonstrance.

But even in physics no fact rides on a pass for ever. The Victorian example in respect to Ireland held its own until Bernard Shaw and George Moore and Oscar Wilde and Yeats and Synge and George Russell invaded the consciousness—and the complacency—of literary England, and compelled literary England to ask, Where on earth did these fellows come from? They came, in a sense, from Canada, but they came so fast and so hard that no one could slam the door on them successfully. They came into England bringing Ireland with them, and in the past ten years they have taken England back to Ireland. Non-nationalists like Wells and tight islanders like Masefield and Galsworthy and Arnold Bennett have been rather slow to make that four hour's journey which calls for H. W. Nevinson's elasticity of mind. But all of them have made it, and some of them heroically, and now Mr. G. K. Chesterton turns this typical modern excursion into a very distinguished book.

Mr. Chesterton, it is true, is packed with political theories and most of these theories he zealously applies to the facts of Irish life. For one who entertains rival theories this is likely to be tiresome, even irritating, and it certainly detracts from the felicity of a book of impressions. As an impressionist Mr. Chesterton appears encumbered, like a knight in full armor going for a swim, but unless you accept Mr. Chesterton as an animal politically pachydermous you may as well not bother with him. He exalts the peasant, romances about the Catholic, idealizes private property, hates the Hun, is sentimental about Surrey and puckish about Pook's Hill. These are clearly grave limitations in a man of Mr. Chesterton's self-indulgence, but, after all, they are *his* obsessions and they hurt him more than they hurt you. Besides, unless you tolerate or endure the genuine convictions of Mr. Chesterton you get nothing of his glorious sincerity and generosity, his wit, his perception, his Chrstianity, and his real preoccupation with the one excuse for politics, the importance of institutions to the living soul of every man. It is this, not his effort to recruit Ireland for England or his effort to recruit England for Ireland, that gives his book its claim on the world outside.

To establish that claim it is best to quote Mr. Chesterton's own phrases, the phrases that bob on the sparkling surface of his book and show where the full lobster-pot may be pulled up later on:

The best thing the stranger can do is to forget the Irish Question and look at the Irish.

A free Ireland would not only *not* be what we call lawless, but might not even be what we call free.

It would be far better if we ceased to talk of Ireland and Scotland, and began to talk of Ireland and Serbia. Let us, for the sake of our own mental composure, call this unfortunate people Slovenes.

Where property is well distributed it will be well defended.

The Irish think Home Rule was stolen from them *after* the contract was sealed; and it will be hard for any one to contradict them.

I have heard all the most horrible nonsense talked against Ireland before the war; and I never heard Englishmen doubt Irish military valour. What they did doubt was Irish political sanity.

A religion is simply the world a man inhabits.

Nine times out of ten, the Irishman is not only more clear-headed, but even more cool-headed than the Englishman. But I think it is true, as Mr. Max Beerbohm once suggested to me in connection with Mr. Shaw himself, that there is a residual perversity in the Irishman, which comes after and not before the analysis of a question. There is at the last moment a cold impatience in the intellect, an irony which returns on itself and rends itself; the subtlety of a suicide.

These unhappy gentlemen had displayed throughout Ireland a poster consisting only of the Union Jack and the appeal, "Is not this your flag? Come and fight for it." It faintly recalls something we all learnt in the Latin grammar about questions that expect the answer no.

There is too much separatism in Ireland. I do not speak of separation from England; which, as I have said, happened long ago in the only serious sense, and is a condition to be assumed, not a conclusion to be avoided.

The Irish regard our government simply as a liar who has broken his word; I cannot express how big and black that simple idea bulks in the landscape and blocks up the road. And without professing to regard it as quite so simple, I regard it as substantially true.

The modern politician conducts his public life in private.

Our own conduct in Ireland has been infamous, not in the remote past, but in the very recent past.

In dealing with a nation, the grievance which is most abstract of all is also the one which is most concrete of all.

The denial of nationality is much more of a daily nuisance than the denial of votes or the denial of juries.

Because it is German I do not object to it in Germany. Because it is German I should violently revolt against it in England.

If Ireland is not a nation, there is no such thing as a nation.

One may easily infer from these flashing words the convictions that Ireland has aroused in Mr. Chesterton. He is not in support of the Sinn Fein. While he believes that it is insanely impossible to rule Ireland from England he calls the Sinn Fein "extremists" and he believes that "on the whole, in spite of abominable blunders and bad faith, I think there is still a chance of bargaining, but

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we must see that there is no chance of cheating." But eulogizing T. M. Kettle and the other good Europeans of Ireland who fought against Germany, declaring the Easter Rising to be "really a black and insane blunder" internationally speaking, Mr. Chesterton still desires England to realize the ineradicable personality of Ireland. To that personality he gives every variety of assent. He quotes the Irish countryman with zest. He speaks charmingly of the Dublin intellectuals. He admires "the desolate splendor of the Donegal sea and shore" and sunlight like "a riven banner" on the Mountain of the Golden Spears. Belfast he handles grimly. "If ever there was a natural alliance in the world, it would have been the alliance between Belfast and Berlin . . . Blowing one's own trumpet has not proved a good musical education." But even Belfast he characterizes as a person. He tells of the Ulster mother warning her children from the pond, "Don't you go there; there are wee popes there." And Belfast saying, "We won't have the likes of them making laws for the likes of us." "In so far as the Ulster Protestant really has a faith, he is really a fine fellow; though perhaps not quite so fine a fellow as he thinks himself." "When I say that Belfast is dominated by a dream, I mean it in the strict psychological sense; that something inside the mind is stronger than everything outside it. Nonsense is not only stronger than sense, but stronger than the senses. The idea in a man's head can eclipse the eyes in his head."

The above quotation I have prolonged by two adipose sentences simply to illustrate the contingent liabilities of reading these Irish Impressions. Mr. Chesterton too often goes on his hands and knees and plays about with the whole vocabulary. He takes his associations with words as a matter of intellectual significance, and he moves from bar to barrage or from fact to factory with a blitheness that only affection can tolerate. But who can deny affection to G. K. Chesterton? He proves in this book that even the most patriotic of Englishmen can treat another patriotism with magnanimity, and even the most sociable and amiable of beings can remain kindly with the acerbity of a nation denied its primary rights. F. H.

The Next War

The Awakening of Asia, by H. M. Hyndman. New York: Boni & Liveright.

MANY eminent persons have said that Asia, the competition between the great nations for Asian markets and for the command of Asian resources—mineral, agricultural and industrial—was the real cause of the great war. In the case of Germany this ambition found expression in the Berlin-Bagdad dream. In the case of Great Britain it was embodied in the Cape Colony-Cairo-Russia-Bombay scheme. The dream has been shattered, but the scheme is about to reach fruition. As a result of victory Great Britain's mastery over Asia is so complete as to make an extension of the scheme to Pekin not only possible but probable. Asia and Asiatic affairs are thus destined to play a definite part in the future policies of the great powers. Of the latter really there are only two left—Great Britain and the United States. Whatever ambitions France and Italy may have, their influence on world politics will be extremely small, if they will have any. That, however, cannot be said of Japan. Japan has a Monroe Doctrine of her own which is bound to come into conflict with the world hegemony of Great Britain. At present Great Britain, the United States and Japan are allies. A really earnest effort, based on mutual interests and motivated by different reasons is being made in the Chancellories of the countries to do everything possible not to let the alliance weaken, at least in appearance. The clash of interests, however, is so obvious that those who have the mental capacity and the will to read the undercurrents of political and economic life in these nations, have no difficulty in predicting that sooner or later a conflict is inevitable. It is not to the interest of Japan to precipitate the conflict. In any conflict between Japan and either of the other two powers, Japan has no chance of success. The capitalistic and imperialistic elements of Great Britain and the United States are already engaged in creating an atmosphere of mutual good will and are banking on an alliance of these two countries against Japan, if she is ever rash enough to start a quarrel. It is difficult to say what is in the minds of the Japanese statesmen. As a rule they keep their own counsel. But this much may safely be said—that they are not unmindful of the rock ahead and must be taking steps against the dangers of the future. Under the circumstances it may not be altogether wild to think that Asia is likely to be the theater of the next great war. All thinking Asians are looking forward to that contingency, some with hope, others with fear. Right thinking Europeans and Americans who do not believe in the right of nations to exploit others, may well look upon the contingency with dismay. Anyway, being supposedly free peoples and in a position to determine what their respective countries will or will not do, they are expected to be well informed on what the situation in Asia is today, how it has reached the present stage and how it is likely to develop in the near future. In this task they will be substantially aided by the book Mr. Hyndman has written on Asia.

The book was written during the war. It was held up by the censor for more than two years and naturally does not deal with the changes brought about by the victory. This does not, however, in any way affect the usefulness of the publication. Mr. Hyndman is absolutely right in saying that now more than ever before "Europeans and Americans are prepared to consider the relations of the white races to Asiatics as demanding very careful study. That Japan should be fully represented at the Peace Conference as one of the great powers of the world, and that China and India, with their joint population of some seven hundred million people, should claim the right to make themselves heard at the same gathering of the nations, are events which can not be overlooked. Asia, indeed, seems destined to play a still greater part in the future than she has played in the past. It is important, therefore, for the English-speaking peoples, to whom I primarily address myself, that they should recognize this at once. Self-determination and justice for all races can not be confined to Europe or America."

In addition to a general survey of the relations of Europe and Asia in the past, during the course of which Mr. Hyndman very pertinently points out the debt which European nations and civilizations owe to Asia and her peoples, Mr. Hyndman deals also with the development of European influence and powers in India, China and Japan. His general conclusion is thus summed up:

"When I first began my studies of the influence of the white man in the Far East, I was of the opinion that this influence had been almost wholly beneficial. It was only by degrees that I was forced to the conviction that

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European interference, European trade interests, European religious propaganda, European administration and European domination had been almost wholly harmful. Such reforms, that is to say, as we had introduced in the early days of our intercourse with the great civilized peoples of Asia, counted for little or nothing in comparison with the mischief we have wrought."

The detailed examination of European operations in India and China amply justify the conclusion and can any honest man, studying the question in an impartial and unbiased frame of mind and looking at it from the point of view of general humanity, possibly come to any other? Yet there are statesmen, great and small, honest and dishonest, who still talk of the "burdens of civilization" and delude and deceive themselves, as well as the world, that a kind Providence has imposed upon them the duty of civilizing the rest of the world at the point of the bayonet, with beer, brandy, bomb and the factory as the standards of their great mission.

In the growth of Japanese imperialism Mr. Hyndman sees a menace to the liberties of China and the peace of Asia, though he has the fairmindedness of seeing and saying that in taking advantage of her opportunities she has been neither "more nor less unscrupulous than her European compeers."

Mr. Hyndman's study is the most powerful exposure of the pretensions of the white man in Asia. It is marked by that fairness of spirit, honesty of purpose and virility of pen which have made Mr. Hyndman one of the molding influences of present day British public life.

LAJPAT RAI.

The Clintons, and Others, by Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead and Co.

WITH one or two exceptions these stories by Mr. Marshall must be juvenile, or at least early work. Several of the tales were written for young people, if we are to judge by their manner and theme. One, A Son of Service, is about a boy who becomes a perfect servant. In astonishing contrast his rough little playmate, Rat-Catcher's Joe, acquires enormous wealth, becomes brutal and arrogant, takes on his childhood friend as steward; and then the story works gradually but inevitably around to the point where Rat-Catcher's Joe loses all his gains and is tended, broken and dishonored, by the perfect servant, who meantime has been amassing a very tidy sum. Another tale tells of a faithful bookeeper who midway in his career got a blot on his ledger, his first and only blot. Nothing comes of this, but later his daughter goes wrong, and at the end the old bookkeeper dies, whispering, "The book! the book! clean and white! The blot is wiped out!" This story is somewhat confusing, for we never learn what became of the daughter. There is a school-story, Audacious Ann, an amazingly long narrative. The tales for grown-ups are mostly about the Clintons and others of equal or better lineage.

Most of this is incredibly dull, and it is also incredibly simple, even for juvenilia. The bookkeeper is humble, and this fact sums him up. He is classed and tagged, tagged many times over for that matter. The squires' families might be expected to come alive, for they are so evidently Mr. Marshall's central interest. But these too are reduced to an old and obvious tradition of a class. The squires themselves are bluff and hearty, they bring up their families to observe fine old rules of squires' families like the one not to boast, there is the well known traditional prejudice against all but the most leisurely professions, the women-folk of the older genration are submissive and infantile, those of the present a little restive. Some one has said that reading Mr. Marshall is like visiting in a good house. From these stories it would be impossible to tell whether the house is good or not; the sketches of family life are no more real than the holly-framed drawings on a Christmas card. But the question lingers whether Mr. Marshall is not trying to impress us with the fact that his houses are good. He himself seems impressed. From all his talk of estates there is no living residuum, nothing in the least comparable to the pictures which remain from A Sportman's Sketches, for example. Only Mr. Marshall's consciousness of extent and inheritance remains. His sense of the classes is strict and invariable.

The most ambitious story in the book seems to answer the question which Mr. Marshall has raised about himself. It tells of a deluded earl who is nearly betrayed into marrying a self-made young woman scientist; it is an elaborate piece of snobbishness.

The Sea Bride, by Ben Ames Williams. New York: The Macmillan Co.

TO say that The Sea Bride could be readily transmitted into what is, according to present standards, an acceptable motion picture play is to define its incompleteness as a novel. The cruise of the whaler Sally Sims, the numerous fistfights aboard, the hazards of whaling, the eternal triangle packed on board and complicated by the rescuing from a South Sea island of the perfect hero, the seizure of command of the ship by the virtuous heroine, the humiliation of the villain, and the happy ending—all these could be transferred to the film without loss. Perhaps, too, in the theatre the author's wrenchings of character would escape detection as well as many infidelities to the probable in the way of facts. But what a theme he might have developed with what he has set before us! The breaking down of the morale of marriage on a three year's whaling cruise: the rotting of illusions by coarseness, monotony, hardships: the might of passion involved in narrowly confined intrigue on shipboard: these are excellent materials for an artist. If only Mr. Williams had endowed Captain Noll Wing, Faith and Brander with sex! In the face of such possibilties, his accomplishment appears still more inadequate.

Nor is he able to evoke the atmosphere of the sea. This, at least, the camera could do. It is very likely that The Sea Bride on the screen would be superior to The Sea Bride in print. To say that is, of course, to emphasize the author's failure as a novelist.

Contributors

SIDNEY WEBB, the maker of Fabian Socialism and the most widely influential of English social economists, was lately a member of the Royal Commission on the Coal Mines presided over by Mr. Justice Sankey.

DON MARQUIS is the editor of the Sun Dial in the New York Evening Sun. He is the author of The Cruise of the Jasper B., and Hermione.

ROSS VONTREES is a farmer who served through some of the heaviest fighting of the late war as a sergeant in the Rainbow Division.

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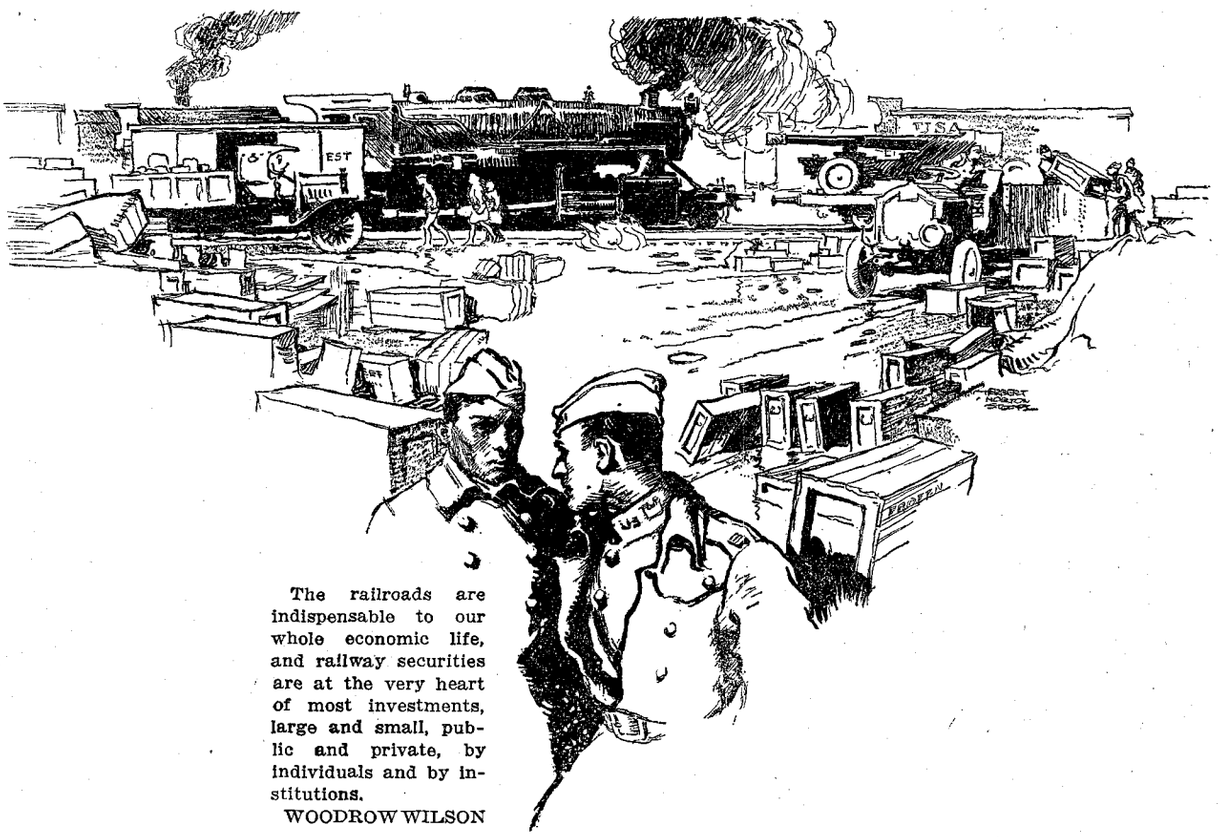

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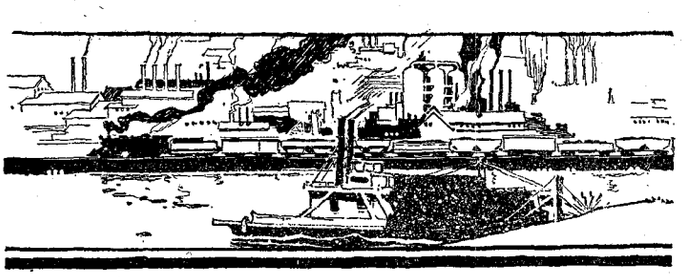

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